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WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1896.

SIXPENCE.
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HER PROTÉGÉS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll even to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

A courteous correspondent at St. Leonards, who addresses me as "most optimist of pessimists," desires to make an appeal in this page to Mr. Thomas Hardy. Will the author of "Jude the Obscure" return to the "grace and humour of 'Far From the Madding Crowd'?" My correspondent has been a Hardy enthusiast for eighteen years; but he finds "Jude" too suggestive of Zola. I don't see much in common between that debatable book and "L'Assommoir" or "La Terre." The perplexing *ménage à trois* of Jude, Sue, and the schoolmaster would fill Zola with incredulity; and he would regard Sue as a hopelessly fantastic piece of womanhood. The homicidal child would be no more to his liking, for the children in "Germinal" are much more akin to monkeys than to Mr. Hardy's premature little pessimist who represented the "universal wish not to live." The instinct of life is extremely vigorous in Zola, even among the most unlovely conditions. Mr. Hardy has a much keener insight than the Frenchman into some branches of psychology, and it is probable that his next book will be redeemed from the crude observation of the doctor in "Jude," who says that suicidal babies are coming into the world in shoals. Meanwhile, my correspondent might reflect that the book he deplores makes some remarkable additions to the assemblage of high qualities in the Wessex novels. If its human nature is rather strong, there are some of its predecessors which run it hard in that respect. Of a certain impishness in mankind Mr. Hardy has always been a close observer, and I wonder what people who cannot endure "Jude" think of the prank which the illegitimate son in "A Laodicean" plays upon his simpleton of a father.

How often does a reviewer come across a book which deserves to be trounced as "rubbish," as illustrating the "vacuity" of the author, his "vanity and weakness of mind," and the folly, or worse, of an eminent firm of publishers in putting their name to such "trash"? Finding this terrific onslaught in the sedate *Athenaeum* on a story called "Tom Grogan," I turned to the offending volume with not a little curiosity. In a pretty long experience I have never read a book which called for such sweeping censure, and I expected from Mr. Hopkinson Smith's story a unique sensation of iniquity. Well, "Tom Grogan" is the tale of a woman who carries on the work of a stevedore in New York Harbour. Her husband is dead, and she conceals the fact for seven years, lest the business should be taken from her and her children should starve. She manages her men with skill and courage, and successfully defies jealousy and fraud. The character is well drawn, without a touch of extravagance, and I have followed the vicissitudes of Tom Grogan with sympathy and admiration. Where is the "vacuity"? What is the meaning of "vanity and weakness of mind"?

The *Athenaeum* reviewer says that such a book is condemned by "the Old World standard of literature and life." The Old World takes no interest in the life of a stevedore on Staten Island. It is pained, no doubt, by the unfamiliar technical terms employed by American workmen engaged in building a sea-wall. I learn from Mr. Hopkinson Smith that a "derrick" is apparently what we should call a crane; but the Old World does not seek that information. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is not a great literary artist. He writes "loaned" when he means "lent," and I wish he wouldn't; but he is a born story-teller; his characters are all alive; and "Tom Grogan" is a fresh and exhilarating piece of work. It is not fiction of the first order; but to denounce it in the style of the *Athenaeum* is one of the strangest freaks of criticism I can remember. I hope our friends over the water will not judge the "Old World standard" by this surprising explosion of an unaccountable animus.

People who are alarmed by the woman's movement may find a certain relief in "A Woman of To-morrow." Miss Coralie Glyn's forecast of manners and customs in this island a century hence is singularly moderate. In 1996 women will have the franchise; they will wear breeches, and disdain corsets and short stories; some of them will be barristers, but none of them, strange to say, will sit in the House of Commons. In Miss Glyn's sprightly pages only one M.P. is mentioned, and that is a very good-looking, dull young man. As the proceedings of Parliament are severely ignored, you may infer that a century hence they will have no interest for women. Does this mean the decay of the House of Commons, or an acknowledgment that man alone is fit for the tiresome labour of legislating? Miss Glyn does not even tell us whether the ladies in breeches will patronise the Terrace. On the other hand, they will take a lively interest in the servitude of women in our present degraded era, and diligently read the works of Sarah Grand and George Egerton. I congratulate these authors on a hundred years of fame.

Evidently man will not be very conspicuous in 1996. Besides the M.P., whose discourse consists chiefly of "Delighted, I'm sure," there is only one representative of our subdued sex in this prospective History of England. He is a professor who discovers the skeleton of Boadicea and despises poetry. The silence of the chronicle as to any other men may be thought a little ominous. Can it be that they have become too insignificant to be mentioned even as a noun of multitude? Nothing is said about men's clubs, but at a woman's club a charming barrister lectures on the Victorian man's ignorance of logic. He actually refused the franchise to feminine tax-payers on the plea that they had no physical force, though men who were notorious cripples were allowed to vote. The lecturer says nothing about our exclusion of clerks in holy orders from the House of Commons and the admission of Methodist preachers; but no doubt the triumph of pure logic in 1996 will place many persons at the head of the poll with large majorities of feminine votes. It seems that the highly cultivated woman of a century ahead will regard maternal love as a relic of animalism—the lower stage of development in which the hen cherishes her own brood and viciously pecks at the stranger. There will be mothers, of course, in 1996, but they will soar above hens by delighting in everybody's offspring as much as in their own, and by recognising the superiority of women who have no vocation for motherhood. On the whole, the woman of to-morrow is distinctly reassuring.

Society in 1996, I take it, will demonstrate the superiority of cultivated woman to cultivated man. The charming barrister reads nothing lighter than a scientific quarterly. A lady of great literary genius writes novels full of passion and pathos, though she has a poor opinion of mothers. She gives herself no airs, however, and has a hearty sense of fun. That is encouraging; so is the remark which the professor is allowed to drop without rebuke, that "average man has evolved on a higher plane than average woman." Even in a hundred years we poor male creatures will more than hold our own on the average, though how long we shall retain that supremacy is uncertain. Beyond 1996 the future is mercifully dark. I have a suspicion that even our wretched brute force will yield to a spiritualised logic, and will be of no more account, say, in 2096, than the disgusting selfishness of the hen. After all, as a woman has lately reminded us, sex is a mere accident; men and women are much more alike than is commonly supposed; and revolutions will eventually be made with rose-water and powder-puffs. Yes; about the year 2096, the last male mob, angrily threatening the powers that be, will meekly disperse when told by a logician that, because some men are cripples, able-bodied men have no right to resort to force.

I notice that in Sweden the education of journalists is treated as a function of the State. Under this enlightened system, the young journalist gains a knowledge of the world by travelling at the expense of the tax-payer. He receives an allowance which, owing to my ignorance of the Swedish coinage, I cannot reckon in pounds sterling; but it is evidently sufficient to enable him to study the institutions of Europe. If journalism were equally appreciated by our backward Government, I should long ago have made practical acquaintance with the Swedish currency. What would the Chancellor of the Exchequer in any Ministry say if he were requested to provide me with the necessary funds for a Continental tour? The Swedes take the sensible view that, if journalists are to instruct public opinion, they must acquire the necessary information at the public charge. Swedish editors travel by railway in their own country without paying the fare. What would the British railway companies say if our penny editors, as Carlyle used to call them, demanded a similar privilege? Perhaps the spirit of emulation might be excited if some penny editor were to make a journey without a ticket, and, when haled before the nearest beak, plead the Swedish example as a justification. We don't hear enough about Sweden, and this would be a capital opportunity for extolling that civilised land in an impressive manner.

Presently we shall have troops of Swedish journalists taking notes in our newspaper-offices, and expressing surprise and pleasure to find that Gustavus Adolphus is still one of our Protestant heroes. They will learn with pain, however, that a distinguished statesman never reads the newspapers, and even questions the capacity of the penny editors to understand what the House of Commons is about. They will hear with amazement that there is, or rather, there was, an Education Bill in which no provision was made for sending journalists to the Italian lakes. Personally, I incline to believe that this omission was the real reason why the Bill had to be withdrawn. At any rate, before January next there ought to be such an agitation of penny editors as will convince Mr. Balfour that a visit to Paris in the season of the Opera balls must be undertaken by every journalist at the national cost, if England is to retain the leadership of European thought.



WEAVING GARLANDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

On Monday week, on the saddest of nights, Madame Lcla Beeth made her first appearance as Elsa in "Lohengrin." She was affecting and charming to a very considerable degree. This is quite the part to suit her temperament, which, in a stage sense, seems dependent, frail, and needing support—not that her voice is frail in the least degree; on the contrary, it is powerful and searching. One would not say of her that she inspired emotion so much as interest; she stimulates not to frantic applause, but to quiet appreciation; and she must beware of her tendency to sing just a little flat at times. On the Tuesday morning it seemed as though there was likely to be no performance of "Rigoletto" that night, for Melba, in a passion of grief for the death of Sir Augustus Harris, made the emphatic declaration that oxen and wain-ropes would not drag her to the opera to amuse an unfeeling public. As Sir Augustus, however, in one of his last injunctions, had bidden his lieutenants to see that the opera should continue without interruption, calmer reasoning prevailed, and she accordingly sang the music of Gilda with all her customary charm and beauty of voice. On Thursday she also appeared



MISS MARGARET REID.
Photo by Steffens, Chicago.

as Marguerite in "Faust," with, perhaps, something less than her usual brilliance, but upon such occasions as this much may be forgiven.

On Friday night the big performance of the week took place with an interpretation of "Tristan und Isolde," Jean de Reszke being the Tristan and Madame Albani the Isolde. There have been very few Tristans who have been reckoned as even possible in the part. It was originally "created" by Ludwig Schnorr, who played it in the June of 1865; but, as he died suddenly a month afterwards, the part disappeared into space for four years, when, in 1869, Herr Vogl restored it to the stage. It is pleasant to think that Herr Vogl sang Tristan even so recently as last year at Munich. But it may be doubted if, among the few who have ventured upon the part, any singer has even approached the achievement of Jean de Reszke on Friday evening; for, indeed, it would be difficult to conceive anything better than this. His noble and splendid voice showed the music at its best advantage, and the music, in its turn, gratefully asserted the splendid accomplishment of his voice. The rôle is perhaps the most difficult for any tenor ever written; in the hands of this masterly artist it appeared easy and natural; it was only when you came to consider calmly what must have been the endless labour and effort which could have produced such a result that it was possible to appreciate that result at its right value. It was colossal. Madame Albani in the first act fell somewhat flat, but she made a distinct impression in the later acts. M. Edouard de Reszke was the noblest of King Marks, and Mr. David Bispham a conscientious and well-deserving Kurwenal. The orchestra played extremely well under Signor Mancinelli.

Miss Margaret Reid, who has been seen frequently at the opera this season in small parts, was born in Kentucky. She received her first

musical instruction at Indianapolis, and afterwards passed to the New England Conservatory at Boston. During her sojourn in that city she attracted the attention of C. R. Adams, the tenor, who advised her to seek instruction at Paris, and for three years she placed herself under the tuition of Madame Leonard, one of the renowned family of the Garcias. On her return to America Miss Reid made the acquaintance of Signor Vianesi, and under his auspices she made her début at the Metropolitan Opera House on Feb. 10, 1892, as Ophelia in "Hamlet," having for her companions Giulia Ravagli, Lassalle, and the brothers De Reszke. Her success was immediate and complete, and, amid great applause, she was recalled at the end of the opera no fewer than five times. At the close of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House the young artist was engaged for a series of concerts given by Seidl and Damrosch, and, after successfully filling the place of Camille d'Arville at Boston, Miss Reid returned to Paris, earning fresh laurels by her appearance in "La Traviata," "Lucia," and "Rigoletto."

THE THEATRICAL
BAZAAR.

The theatrical bazaar which was to be opened yesterday at the Queen's Hall on behalf of the Actors' Orphanage has been organised by Mrs. Clement Scott and Mrs. Carson, the wife of the editor of the *Stage*. Mrs. Clement Scott is the invaluable companion of her husband at first nights. But, unlike the great majority of first-nighters, she takes a very great interest in the charities connected with the profession, for well she knows their value. For many weeks—one may say months—she has devoted much of her time to the present bazaar. All who have in any way been associated with her in it have felt how thoroughly she has thrown herself into the cause for which she has so assiduously laboured. Though never actually joining the noble army of professionals, Mrs. Clement Scott identifies herself to a very great extent with them, and is well known as a brilliantly clever actress, though only an amateur one. Though continually receiving the most tempting offers from many London managers to accept an engagement, "My individuality is sunk in that of my husband," is her reply when beset with entreaties to let her gifts be more widely known. By many Mrs. Clement Scott is thought to be an American, partly from the fact of her marriage having taken place in San Francisco, and also from her splendid rendering of the part of the piquant transatlantic belle in "Moths"; but, in spite of all temptation, she remains an Englishwoman. Mrs. Carson has long taken a most assiduous interest in theatrical charities. The Theatrical Ladies' Guild, which, from modest beginnings, has now its branches in the Antipodes and in America, and is important enough to attract the interest of royalty itself, owes its existence to her kindly heart and active brain. The management of this alone would prove more than enough to occupy most women, especially now that it has grown to such proportions; but, not content with this labour of love, Mrs. Carson, with the help of her husband (who is one with her in all good works), has for the last three or four years been developing a scheme to benefit and provide for the orphans of actors, who too often die young, leaving little children unprovided for. Already several of these are being well cared for through the kindness of Mrs. Carson and her fellow-workers.



MRS. CARSON.
Photo by Martin and Sallnow, Strand.



MRS. CLEMENT SCOTT.
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

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RAILWAY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Great Northern Railway Company announce many important improvements and alterations in their express train service, commencing July 1. A new day express train will leave King's Cross at 11.20 a.m., arriving in Edinburgh 7.45 p.m., and Glasgow 10.25 p.m. The 8 p.m. Scotch sleeping-car express will leave at 8.15 p.m., and the 8.30 p.m. Scotch express will leave at 8.45 p.m. A new night sleeping-car express will leave King's Cross at 10 p.m., from July 11 to Aug. 13 inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted, for Edinburgh and Aberdeen. A new feature is the introduction of third-class dining-cars between London and Leeds.

The Midland Railway Company also have new arrangements, not the least important of which is that by which passengers taking tourist tickets from stations on the Midland Railway to Glasgow by the North British or Glasgow and South-Western lines will be able to travel at their option on the return journey either by the Waverley route *via* Edinburgh or by the Glasgow and South-Western route *via* the Land of Burns. New day and night expresses are being added to the already extensive time-table of trains between England and Scotland, and other ordinary express trains between these points will undergo improvement by acceleration.

In connection with the Bibury Club and Stockbridge Races the South-Western Railway announce that a special train will run from Waterloo to Stockbridge at 9.17 a.m., returning at 6.35 p.m. each day, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, July 7, 8, and 9. Also a special fast train, first class only, from Waterloo at 10 a.m., reaching Stockbridge 12.6 p.m.; and a special express train, first class only, direct to Stockbridge from Waterloo at 10.35 a.m., arriving at 12.20 p.m. On Thursday special first-class trains will leave Stockbridge at 5.30 p.m. direct for London. The return first-class fare is twenty shillings.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that, commencing to-day, the night special express service by this route through the charming scenery of Normandy, to the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, leaving London for Paris 8.50 p.m. every week-day and Sunday, carrying the late mail from London to the Continent, will not leave until 9.45 p.m., and be accelerated to arrive in Paris at the same time, 7.45 a.m.

The Great Northern Railway Company will from July 1 convey small parcels of farm and agricultural produce by passenger train from stations in their agricultural districts to London, Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Dewsbury, Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester, at greatly reduced rates. Reduced rates for dead meat and poultry by goods train will also be put in force from the same date from Great Northern stations in agricultural districts to London.

The Great Western Railway announce a summer service of express trains to the West of England, Weymouth (for Channel Islands), Barmouth, and Aberystwyth. To some of the trains dining- and luncheon-cars will be attached.

"THE TEMPTATION OF ST. ANTHONY."

Although Mr. D. F. Hannigan has done his part of the work very adequately—no small praise when the exigencies of Flaubert's strange, powerful style be considered—"The Temptation of St. Anthony" (Nichols and Co.) is essentially unsuitable for translation. The story, allegory, call it what you will, possesses, as the translator very truly points out in his preface, many of the best qualities of a fine prose-poem, and the disabilities which have attended all those who have made temerarious attempts to turn Milton into French gather to an even greater degree round those who have essayed to English Victor Hugo and Flaubert. With "Salammbo" "The Temptation of St. Anthony" shares the distinction of having probably cost its author more labour and research than any other works of imagination ever written in the French language. The book is filled with archaeological lore; Flaubert spared neither time nor pains in his efforts to secure absolute accuracy, and his picture of the Egyptian Solitaries is as elaborate as his marvellous reconstitution of the mediæval legends circling round the personality of the hermit-saint. With the exception of the cover, which offers a wholly misleading idea of the contents of the book, for "The Temptation of St. Anthony" is singularly free from coarseness of description or prurient suggestion, the volume, which styles itself, for some mysterious reason, an authorised edition, is very well produced, and is illustrated with nine powerful drawings by S. Gorski.

TO THE CONTINENT.

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SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS—AN APPRECIATION.

History can record only two species of stage-manager—the actor-manager and the commercial manager. The actor takes—whatever his critics may take—the point of view of art as the motive of his various enterprises. It is his business to act, his profit to manage; and he accordingly combines the double vocation. The commercial manager is a rarer bird; and the successful commercial manager is the rarest bird of all. It is but natural; for whereas a Garrick or an Irving succeeds financially by reason of his personal publication, an Augustus Harris must succeed not at first, at all events, by reason of any personality, but by his careful judgment, his instinctive appreciation, his guesses at popularity. When, therefore, in the case of such a man as Harris, you find a success not only far transcending the dreams of any other commercial manager that ever lived, but equally beyond the known achievement of any artist and actor, you are brought into the presence of a very pregnant and significant phenomenon



THE FATHER OF SIR AUGUSTUS.

Photo by Adolphe Beau.

indeed. The dual personality which must accompany the life of every human business man—and there are a-many who cannot truthfully be called human—was the most patent fact in the career and life of the late Sir Augustus Harris. As a human man he was what you please; he smiled on some, he frowned on others; some liked him excessively, some he bored, some were frankly hostile. It is the way of the world; and though, like every genial and companionable soul, Harris was surrounded by his troops of friends, it need not be pretended that his personal popularity reached any historical height. It is when you turn to him in his public relations, in his schemes of government, of business intrigue, and of financial foresight, that the figure changes as with a snap. The smiling face becomes sphinx-like, the figure expands into a colossus, over the restlessness of the daily humanity a veil of imperturbability falls. Here was the calm, even temperament, the unerring conviction, the iron determination, the insatiable ambition of one whose powers were equal to his aspirations and whose self-confidence was equal to his powers. The comparison that has been made of this man to Napoleon is no vain one, and is only affected by a touch of grotesqueness owing to the fact that the time still seems so recent when the world refused to take him seriously, or, at all events, at his own valuation.

I have said that the comparison is not vain; and it seems to be particularly shown in the rapid accretion of ambitions which followed a first signal success. After Drury Lane, it would seem that Harris was filled with a certain fury of desire, a passion of acquisition. What the world of territory was to Napoleon, the world of the opera and the theatres was to Harris, and he took his course with the same energy and will. He never limited his achievement in thought; he would never have allowed such a limit to be put upon his thought by anybody else. The old generals who flourished at the beginning of the century complained bitterly of the "innovations" implied by transporting an army within an incredibly brief time from Ulm to Austerlitz, and winning battles at both places; and so stage-managers shook their heads when Harris lifted German companies and orchestras from Germany and flung them before English audiences to make for them a holiday. If he desired an object, he pursued his desire with the intense resolution which hesitates at no obstacle and fears no opposition. He felt that his ambition was good, and therefore he steadily aimed to win it; no financial considerations would then stand in his way, convinced as he was of an ultimate success overcrowning all his expenditure, all his anxiety and care. He had that last gift of the great financier—he knew how to spend money, how to lose money, how to cast money to the winds, as intimately as he knew how to economise money and to protect his pecuniary position. He looked abroad upon the world for dreams and for visions to realise in fact, not with the fantastic aspirations of a visionary, but with the knowledge and the capacity to sift the unsubstantial from the real. Saint Theresa professed to be able to distinguish the false from the true ecstasy; even so Sir Augustus Harris

understood when a dream was a mere temptation and when it was the prediction of success. As a journalist he would have been the greatest editor of the century; triumphant journals would have fallen from his brain like crowns and crownets from the pockets of Antony; his ideas flowed endlessly, and they always streamed straight to that bourne of popularity which he had designed for their course. He stands alone in stage-history; Alexander is dead, and his generals divide his principalities.

When the Shelley Society (writes a correspondent) played the "Cenci" at the Grand some years ago, Augustus Harris, with many another well-known figure, was among the audience, and the post which afterwards brought to Miss Alma Murray Robert Browning's tribute of praise for her marvellous creation of Beatrice, brought also a letter from the most astute of theatrical managers, couched in the warmest terms. "I was delighted with your Beatrice Cenci," he wrote, "and with the magnificent ovation you received at the last."

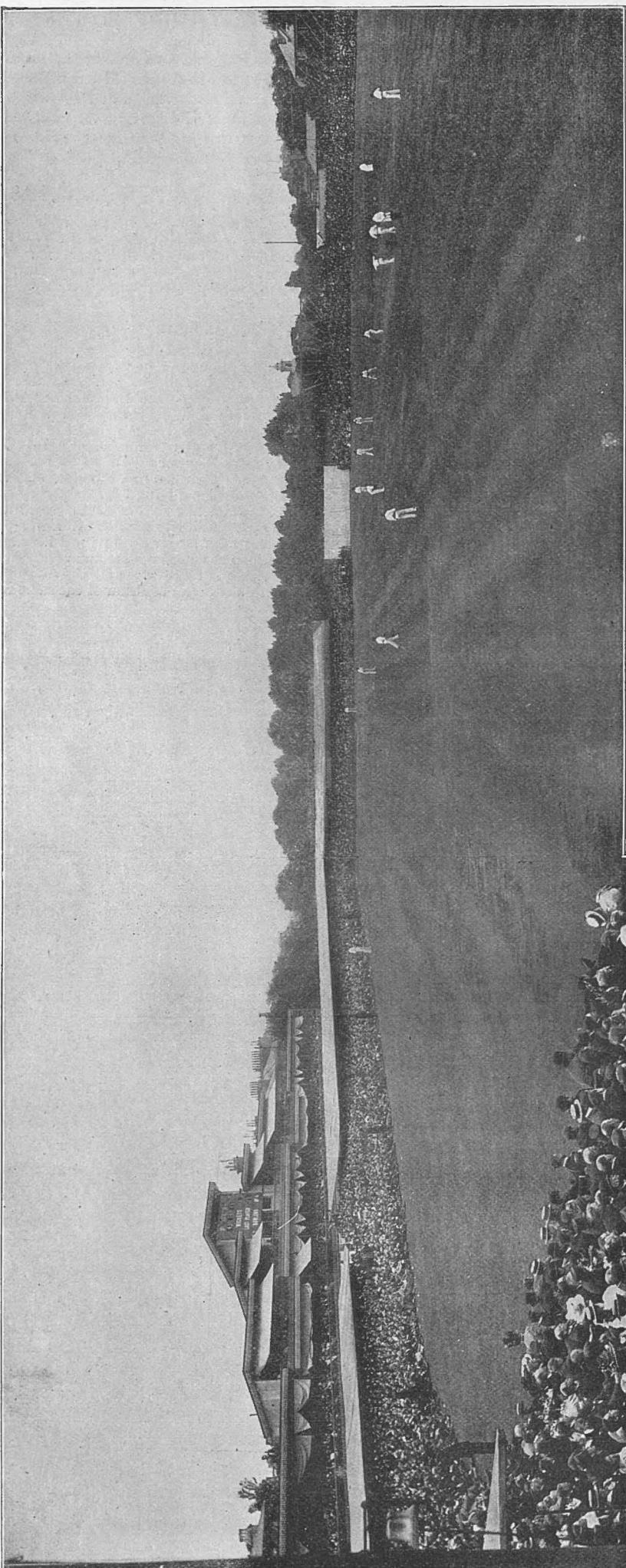
Apropos of the father of Sir Augustus, Miss Emily Soldene writes—

When I made my first visit to Paris in January '73, it was at the invitation of the late Mr. Augustus Harris (father of Sir Gus). I went accompanied by Mr. Powell (my husband), Mr. H. B. Farnie, and Mr. Charles Morton. We had a dreadful crossing, landing at Calais more dead than alive, drenched and despairing, but by the time we reached our destination were recovered, dried, and as merry as grigs. Mr. A. Harris, the most perfect of hosts, and most entertaining of men, met us at the station, and carried us off to the Hôtel du Bad, from thence to the Café Brabant, where there had been especially prepared a dinner full of Gallic and peculiar delicacies, including frogs and snails. I had much difficulty and repugnance in negotiating these, to me, occult *plats*. But Mr. Harris insisted, and after the first mouthful it was all right—the snails a bit hard and gristly, perhaps, but the frogs delicious, like larks. After dinner, to the Variétés, to see and hear the then renowned Theresa in a musical piece of Hervé's, the name of which I forgot. We had a large box quite in the centre of the house. I had never been in a theatre on a Sunday before, and expected every moment the roof to fall. But nothing happened except that, in the middle of the act, I turned round to make some remark to Mr. Harris. But he had fallen asleep, his head lying back helplessly on the chair. He was white, dreadfully white, looking like wax, or death—so still, so silent. I felt it was the beginning of the end. And two months after, in April, he passed away. When I returned from Australia nearly a year ago I heard Sir Augustus was not well, that he fell fast asleep at odd moments and unaccountable times; and the far-off scene in the box of the Paris theatre and the white face of the father came back to my memory with a sure premonition of the same result.



THE LATE SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



The enormous crowd that assembled at Lord's last week to witness the beginning of the exciting contest that England waged against Australia has seldom been equalled even in the most famous cricket centre in the world. The air was sultry, and the sun beat hot on the thousands who turned out to see the Mother Country tussling with her child Australia; but that did not deter people of every rank in life from standing for hours to watch, with the minutest interest, the great contest. Unhappily there was a good deal of unsportsmanlike conduct among the spectators, and the blame is attributed to the M.C.C. Committee, who admitted thirty thousand people, of whom one-half could see nothing at all but a sea of hats. Little wonder that the best of humour did not prevail. It is to be hoped that the like will not occur again. On the other two days the crowd was smaller and distinctly impartial, and the wonderfully plucky fight of the Australians was much appreciated.

ENGLAND V. AUSTRALIA, AT LORD'S.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THIRLE AND CO., CHANCERY LANE.



SMALL TALK.

The Queen is back at Windsor again. The Duke of York on Thursday dined with the officers of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. The Czar is suffering from jaundice. The Emperor of Austria is sitting for the portrait of himself that he is to present to the King's Dragoon Guards, of which he is Honorary Colonel. The King of Italy has made Sir John

Millais an officer of the Order of SS. Maurice and Lazare.

The Duke of Cambridge paid a visit to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, Marylebone Road, on Wednesday. His Royal Highness, attended by Colonel Fitz-George, was received on arrival by Viscount Portman, the President, the Committee of Management and medical staff, and the Secretary. An address was presented to the Duke in the Board-room.

The city of tombstones, as Aberdeen has sometimes been called—for it turns out more gravestones than probably any other town in the world—has produced

few memorials more interesting than the stone recording the little life-story of Mr. J. M. Barrie's mother. It is made of blue granite, the work of Messrs. Garden and Co., and is destined for Kirriemuir. It is polished in front and rests on a plain dressed base, the grave being encircled by a chain enclosure. The inscription is painted in black letters. Thrums is gradually gathering round it memorials which make it one of the most interesting of modern Meccas.

MARGARET OGILVY,
Wife of David Barrie, Kirriemuir,
Born Sepr. 6th, 1819; died Sepr. 3rd, 1895.
JANE ANN ADAMSON,
Their daughter. Born March 12th, 1847,
Who died three days before her mother.
They were buried together on Sepr. 6th.
ELIZABETH HOW,
Born March 12th, 1849; died April 2nd, 1851.
AGNES MATTHEW,
Born Decr. 23rd, 1850; died Jany., 1851.
DAVID OGILVY,
Born Jany. 30th, 1853; died Jany. 29th, 1867.

The Marquis of Anglesey has been presented by the followers of his Lordship's hounds and others, on the occasion of his son the Earl of Uxbridge's majority, with a trophy of silver, consisting of a faithful likeness of his Lordship surrounded by his famous pack of harriers. The statuette of the Marquis is twenty-two inches high, the hounds being in exact proportion, while the whole is mounted on a beautiful ebony plinth, enriched with the Anglesey arms, &c., and a shield bearing an inscription. The presentation has been manufactured by Messrs. Elkington, of Liverpool.

The London and North-Western and Caledonian Railway Companies announce considerable additions and improvements in the train service to and from Scotland for the summer, commencing July. In addition to the day express leaving Euston at 10 a.m., and the afternoon "corridor" luncheon and dining car express leaving Euston at 2 p.m., a new express composed of corridor carriages will be put on, leaving Euston at 11.30 a.m., arriving Edinburgh at 7.55 p.m. and Glasgow at 8 p.m. Luncheon, tea, and other refreshments will be provided *en route* by the attendants accompanying the corridor carriages. The night express leaving Euston at 8 p.m. for



A TOMBSTONE FOR THRUMS.

Inverness and Aberdeen (with sleeping-saloons attached) will be timed to reach those places considerably earlier than at present. Passengers for Glasgow and Edinburgh who prefer to travel at night can leave London as late as 11.50 p.m., and reach their destination before eight in the morning. Numerous facilities for break of journey to or from Scotland are afforded by the Companies' announcements.

The birthday party of the Woman Journalists—they show excellent taste in not styling themselves Lady Journalists—was a distinct success. The Duchess of Sutherland and Mrs. Craigie received statesmen, artists, and more or less eminent scribblers at the foot of the magnificent staircase of Stafford House. In the long picture-gallery a little company of professional entertainers sang, danced, and mimicked other professional persons, to the great satisfaction of the throng. Mr. Arthur Roberts, surrounded by Old Masters, warbled "She Wanted Something to Play With" in a subdued style, apparently inspired by the Correggio behind him. Miss Olga Nethersole, in a striking costume of rose-pink velvet, carried a large lily, the symbolism of which escaped me. Two ladies wore quill-pens through their back hair, and a rumour ran about that the woman journalists had all been invited to deck themselves in the same way; but most of them were evidently deterred by a natural and becoming shyness.

The Senior Wrangler, Mr. William Garden Fraser, of Queen's College, is the hero of the moment in the North of Scotland, where educational achievements are of the primest importance to the greater mass of the population.

The son of the late Rev. Thomas Fraser, of Croy, Inverness-shire, he is just twenty-two. He entered Aberdeen University in 1889, graduating there with the highest mathematic honours four years later, when he proceeded to Queen's College, Cambridge, where the Professor of Mathematics at Aberdeen was trained. Aberdeen University, in the course of its long history, has produced four other Senior Wranglers. Among them are Mr. Justice Stirling and Mr. Charles Niven. The latter holds the Chair of Natural Philosophy in his northern Alma Mater, and he is a member of a very remarkable family, one of whom is Director of Studies at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. Mr. Niven,

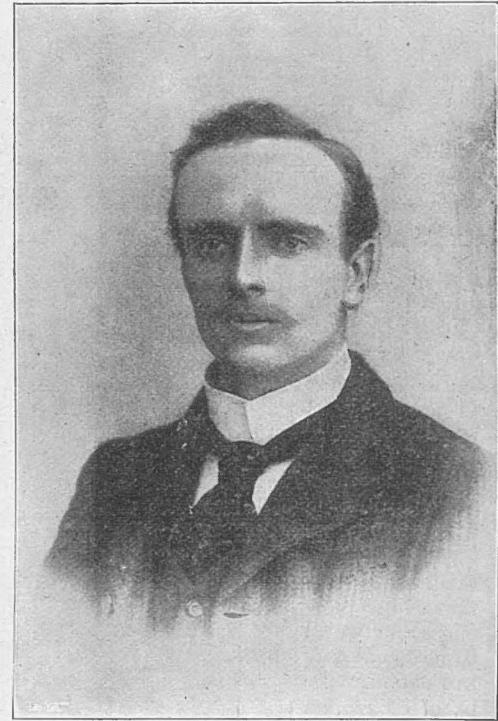
by the way, is married to the eldest daughter of Sir David Stewart, late Provost of the Granite City, whose portrait by Mr. Orchardson has attracted so much notice at the Academy. The late Mr. W. K. Clifford was Second Wrangler in Mr. Niven's year, 1867. And the northern university has produced three Second Wranglers, among them being Professor Chrystal, of Edinburgh, who has written the best modern treatise on algebra, and of whom Mr. Barrie told the amusing story of the marble in "An Edinburgh Eleven." Another is Mr. W. L. Mollison, tutor of Clare College, Cambridge, who, by the way, is a cousin of Mr. William Mollison, now appearing as Henry IV. at the Haymarket.

Mr. Fraser is a Scot, but the alleged characteristic of his race (one says alleged, because no one believes it except in chaff) was really reserved for a lady-wrangler to exhibit. This heroine is apparently going to make the most of her mathematical training. A contemporary wired to her at Cambridge for her photograph, and the telegram had to be re-directed to her home in the country. She sent the photograph, with this postscript: "I shall feel obliged if you would kindly refund me sevenpence, which I had to pay for the re-direction of your telegram from Cambridge." Comment is unnecessary.

The Trafford Park Estate, one of the most splendid properties in Lancashire, and situate within two miles of the very heart of Manchester, has not, after all, been purchased by the Corporation of that city, as was fully expected last week, but by Messrs. Ernest Hooley, of Risley Hall, Derby, and Martin D. Rucker, of Woodlands Park, Leatherhead. Among the other advantages of this historic property, which has been in the hands of the De Traffords ever since the reign of Canute, is the possession of a frontage of some three miles on the Manchester Ship Canal.



THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.



THE FIRST WRANGLER.

Photo by R. H. Lord, Cambridge.

The atmosphere of Dublin Castle seems propitious to matrimony. More than one Viceroy's daughter has been wooed and won in "dear, dirty Dublin," and the engagement of Lady Sophie Cadogan to Sir Samuel Scott gave great *éclat* to the late winter season. Lady Sophie has made herself very popular in Ireland; this is greatly owing, no doubt, to her unswerving devotion to horses; both she and her sister, Lady Lurgan, were put on ponyback as soon as they could walk, and, accompanied by her mother or sister, Lady Sophie has been constantly *en evidence* at the numerous meets when they have taken place this year within hail of Dublin. Lady Sophie, who, unlike the Countess, is of a distinctly dark type of beauty, was also one of the first to become possessed of a bicycle, and to discover the beauties of Battersea Park, for that rural retreat is comparatively near Chelsea House, Lord Cadogan's London residence. Sir Samuel Scott's bride shared her mother's active interest in the Girls' Club started in connection with Christ's Church, Chelsea, which embraces a wider sphere than the Girls' Friendly Society, and there is no doubt that she will become a prominent figure in that smart section of the philanthropic world to be found only in London. She is, of course, an ardent Primrose Dame, and she will be much missed at the political receptions and dinners for which Chelsea House is famed.

The directors of the Electro-phone are extending their sphere of action. I am bidden to Pelican House now o' Sunday nights to hear the services from several places of worship. Many distinguished clergymen, including Canons Barker, Fleming, and Shuttleworth, the Rev. H. R. Haweis and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, have accorded the company permission to connect itself with their churches. The value of this concession to people old or ailing is too great to be overestimated. The electro-phone successfully preserves all gradations of tone, and the discourses of worthy ministers lose none of their effect by travelling. Really, the possibility of overcoming distance becomes more apparent every day.

In books, as in plays, there is often a curious run on names of the same class. For instance, a friend of mine went to change some novels

the other day, and these are the works he brought back from the library: "The Sorrows of Satan," "The Robe of Lucifer," and "In the Valley of Tophet." As it was one of the very hot days, profane people might say that his choices were quite appropriate.

The leading lessees and managers of London, including George Alexander, A. and S. Gatti, Charles Wyndham, Arthur Bourchier, Arthur Chudleigh, Penley, Hawtrey, Gilmer, Mrs. Lane, and others,

have taken the case of Captain Simonds into consideration, and will present a memorial to the London County Council on that officer's behalf. It is very seldom that the theatrical world combines like this—indeed, I cannot for the moment recall a similar occasion. Friends in need are friends indeed, and clearly Captain Simonds needs all his friends just now. However matters may turn out, the action of the London managers is a well-meant and gracious one, and will, I hope, meet with something better than a snub.

In these enlightened days the Convalescent Home is everywhere. I have just received particulars of a Home which, being situated faraway in South Africa, may just now have a special interest to readers of *The Sketch*. The Poplars at Middelburg, Cape Colony, thirty-two hours' train ride from Cape Town, is one of the very few South African health resorts which is suitable for invalids the whole year round. Being four thousand feet above the sea, though the summer heat is great, it is not excessive, and the nights are cool and refreshing. The winter climate is simply



LADY SOPHIE CADOGAN.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

glorious, the air singularly exhilarating, and, though mornings and evenings are cold, the days are so sunny, still, and warm that an invalid may sit all day in the open air. This Home is situated on the outskirts of the village, with a shady garden on one side, and on the other is the open Karroo, and it combines the advantages of village and farm life with a public library, reading- and billiard-rooms, post and telegraph offices, and tennis and croquet courts thrown in. There is a resident English doctor, a resident English clergyman, and the Home is managed by two English Hospital Sisters. The Poplars, Middelburg, would be attractive, I should think, to many an English invalid.

The Britannia Theatre, of which mention was made last week in this paper, stands upon the site of the old Pimlico Tavern, mentioned by Ben Jonson and Dodsley as a favourite resort of the Elizabethan poets and players. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was noted for tea-gardens, and when Mr. S. Lane took the place in 1841 it was known as the Britannia Tavern. Here is the original advertisement—

Royal Britannia Saloon, Britannia Tavern, Hoxton. Licensed pursuant to Act of Parliament. Proprietor, Mr. S. Lane. Open every evening, with splendid decorations à la Watteau (by Mr. Fenhoult, of the Theatre Royal). Variety Entertainment—Talented Company—Grand Concert—Opera and Vaudeville—Rope and other Dancing—Ballet—Laughable Farce. Neither talent nor expense are spared. Price, Reserved Seats, 6d., and Upper Stalls 1s., for which a refreshment ticket is given. Doors open at 6 o'clock, commence at half-past. Chorus-master, Mr. Rudford; Ballet-master, Mr. Smithers; Leader of the Band, Mr. Jackman; Machinist, Mr. Rowe.

If space permitted, I could write columns about the Britannia, which has had a wonderfully interesting career. It became a theatre after a tough struggle with the powers that license, and the popularity of the place may be gauged by the fact that in 1851 Mr. Lane could afford to pay James Anderson, the tragedian, a salary of £120 per week. Among the great entertainers who have appeared at the Hoxton Theatre have been Howard Paul, Sam Collins, Leotard, Tom Sayers (pugilist), Stead the Cure, G. H. Macdermott, and Polly Randall. Countless dramas have first seen the light there, and in "The Uncommercial Traveller" Charles Dickens wrote of a melodrama at this house—

Virtue never looked so beautiful or vice so deformed as when we paused, sandwich in hand, to consider what would come of that resolution of Wickedness in boots to sever Innocence in flowered chintz from Honest Industry in striped stockings.

George Honey the younger, son of the famous character-comedian of that name, has been appearing with some success at the Palace Theatre. For a long time he was a member of several perambulating Gaiety Companies, and he is certainly gifted.

Pretty little Violet Darrell, hitherto well known as a child-actress, has recently made her first appearance in a "grown-up" rôle on the production of "Playing the Game," at the Strand, in which piece she created one of the prettiest of maid-servants, alias Lady Amy Penruddock, her acting giving every promise for the future. She is just sixteen, and is very much in love with acting. Though she enjoys her present part, she was quite heart-broken to be obliged to decline a good offer from Mr. Compton. She studied elocution under Miss Henrietta Cowen, who was so much delighted with her success that she persuaded Miss Darrell's parents to allow her to recite, and later to act in public. As long ago as March '93, Violet scored her first success in a comedietta by Malcolm Bell, called "The Substitute," and on the same afternoon her quaint and appreciative rendering of "The Dead Doll" and "The Jackdaw of Rheims" quite brought down the house. In "Tares" she was a very pretty Jack, and played with very natural talent in Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's play "My Son and I." She has also spent three pantomime seasons with Mr. Oscar Barrett in "Cinderella," the first year being one of the Attendants of the Slipper and also understudying Miss Minnie Terry as the Sylph Coquette. The second year she was the pretty Coquette in Birmingham, and last season was entrusted with the title-rôle in the same pantomime in Edinburgh, and is again engaged by the manager for next season to create a leading part.



MISS VIOLET DARRELL.
Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

Albert Gilmer, the ever-energetic director of the fortunes of the Princess's Theatre, tells me he has secured good goods in Sutton Vane's drama "In Sight of St. Paul's," which will be produced on the Saturday before Bank Holiday. The original scenery, alleged to be very fine and large, is being brought over from America, and a very strong company has been engaged. "In Sight of St. Paul's" has a deep, religious interest, and, "but that I am forbid," I would a tale unfold of scenes under the Dome, of white-robed choir-boys galore, of sights wondrous strange and situations wondrous strong. Just before its appearance, Mr. Charles Warner will be in "Drink" for a fortnight, that is, will appear as Coupeau in the drama founded on Zola's "Assommoir" at the now successful house in Oxford Street.

The poster of "The Queen's Proctor," which Messrs. Weiners have issued, is very effective. Even the small reproduction of it in black and white which I am able to give attracts attention.

The teacher of elocution who claims £13,000 from a Chicago millionaire for imparting the secret of artistic feeling to an inexperienced actress seems to have earned the money. He showed the lady how Bill Sikes murdered Nancy, and dragged her about by the hair of the head till she "yelled with natural excitement." The tuition appears to have lasted two years, but nothing is said as to the number of heads of hair consumed in that time. This teacher's pupils should remember the advice of the Irishman who, when he heard of this sort of instruction in "natural excitement," remarked, "Bedad, I'd leave my own hair at home, and wear a wig!"

"The Liberty Bell" is the name of a new American comic opera, and leading incidents in this will be mimic representations of the Battle of Bunker's Hill and of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. These scenes should be popularly effective in the States, if properly managed, as no doubt they will be.

In spite of recent illness, Mr. John R. Rogers, who still dubs himself "Y. M." (Yours Merrily), seems very much alive. He is arranging for two tours of "The Strange Adventures of Miss Brown" in America. Meanwhile, his former partner of greatness, Miss Minnie Palmer, has returned from the States, and will recommence operations in the Old World with an autumn tour here in England. Her future plans include, among other things, the taking of a London theatre. The quondam "My Sweetheart" still pins her faith to "The School-Girl," of which I gave some account on its original production.

Miss Alma Stanley, whom I have seen, apparently in excellent health, at several first-nights lately, may be giving provincial people a taste of her quality as a serious actress before long. A tour of Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" is talked of, with Miss Stanley in the principal female character.

The article in the new volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" on the great protagonist in the revival of Gothic architecture in England, Augustus Welby Pugin, proceeds, appropriately enough, from the pen of Mr. Paul Waterhouse, son of Mr. Alfred Waterhouse. Not without cause has the latter been for years one of the leaders in his profession, seeing that to him we owe the Manchester Town Hall and Assize Courts, Owens College, Liverpool University College, the Yorkshire College at Leeds, the Natural History Museum, and many other superbly planned and beautifully executed buildings.

Transatlantic cycle-makers are adept in the art of complying with *les convenances*. They are providing widows with what is termed a "mourning wheel," the machine being of solid black ebony, unrelieved by any glitter of steel, and the not entirely disconsolate lady herself riding in crêpe bonnet and veil. A most unpleasant notion, in my opinion.

By a slip of the pen in my Lyell paragraphs last week, I called Mr. Leonard Lyell son, instead of nephew, of the late Sir Charles Lyell.



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The imposing concourse of savants from every corner of the world who gathered in Glasgow the other day at the celebration of Lord Kelvin's jubilee as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University there, shows how infinitely more cosmopolitan the man of science becomes as opposed to the mere man of letters. Lord Kelvin, perhaps more than any other first-class scientist of his day, appeals to the man in the street through the inventions that have made his name famous, his water-tap, for example, and his compass. Again, his services to telegraphy have popularised him. The Glasgow Jubilee Committee wired to him (*via* Newfoundland, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Jacksonville, New York, and Newfoundland) their congratulations for "his unrivalled combination of scientific genius and practical skill." The message occupied seven and a-half minutes in transmission. Lord Kelvin's reply ran: "The Cable Companies have beaten Ariel by half a minute. Warmest thanks to the Glasgow Jubilee Committee." The reply occupied four minutes in traversing the same route. This feat is well worthy of being put on record as a memento of the man who did so much to solve the problem of submarine telegraphy. The degree of LL.D. was conferred on a number of the distinguished people present, representing Denmark, Sweden, Italy, Hungary, France, Russia, Germany, America, and our Colonies—only to name a few. The Queen telegraphed that she was "particularly gratified at the presence of so many eminent representatives from all countries" to do honour to Lord Kelvin. The photograph reproduced here is by Lafayette, Glasgow.

"The Light of Other Days," from Balfe's "Maid of Artois," suggested itself obtrusively on being invited to the benefit concert of his only son, Michael William Balfe, though it found no place in the programme given at the Criterion last week. By musicians it may be said that Balfe's work was to some extent crude; but no one can deny its spontaneity. Perhaps its evanescency created its popularity. It caught the ear of the people; it was to their level of sentiment. Anyhow, we have to thank Balfe for much we should never have known. If we take "The Bohemian Girl," "The Maid of Artois," and "The Rose of Castille" alone, they are enough to weave withal a chaplet of musical laurels of which his descendants may well be proud. The concert on Tuesday week was well selected as to its items and the exponents of the same. Naturally, the works of Balfe predominated. Mr. Franklin Clive was properly appreciated in his rendering of "The Heart bow'd down"; Signor Palmieri gave charming expression to "When Other Lips"; "Come into the Garden, Maud," was assigned to Mr. James Leyland; Mr. Réginald Groome was delightful in "In this Old Chair,"

and Miss Maud Victoire Balfe (on her first appearance) demonstrated that she must not be allowed to retire to "The Convent Cell" of which she sang, and which her great uncle composed. Financially, the concert was not a great success, I fear, probably due to lack of means of adequate advertisement.

Though not strongly supported by the public, the concert was ably assisted by a host of talent, too numerous to be detailed. Ballad-music such as Balfe wrote is dear to the people's heart, and is many miles superior to the trash of modern days. I commend Balfe's music to the "halls."

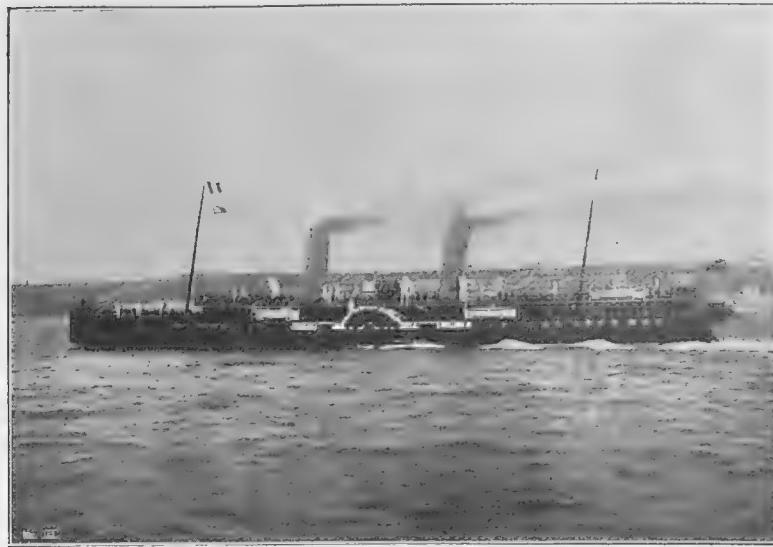
A belt of theatres is gradually being formed round the outskirts of London. It is not very long since Mr. Mulholland opened his pretty little theatre at Camberwell, and since then others have been opened at Hammersmith and Croydon, and now another is in course of erection at Lavender Hill, Battersea. The commemoration-stone of this theatre was laid on Wednesday by Mr. Forbes-Robertson, while Mrs. Patrick Campbell performed the christening ceremony. The function was an exceedingly pleasant one, and was attended by a great many theatrical folk; and Mr. John Burns, M.P., and Mr. Percy Thornton, M.P., as the Parliamentary representatives of the two districts most interested in the theatre, attended and made speeches. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett was also said to be present, but I did not notice her. Mr. John Burns, who introduced Mr. Forbes-Robertson, was in his best speaking form, and made an unusually felicitous speech. He predicted that, when the theatre was opened, the dramatic Dr. Jekyll in him might surmount the Parliamentary Mr. Hyde, and that he would often prefer the tragedy of the theatre to the high comedy and occasional high jinks at Westminster. Mr. Forbes-Robertson was evidently a trifle nervous, and preferred to read his speech. He read it well, however, and, had it not been for the provoking type-written manuscript in his hands, we might have imagined that we were listening to an impromptu speech. Mrs. Patrick Campbell christened the theatre the "Shakspere," and splashed her pretty grass-lawn gown with champagne in so doing. Messrs. Machin and Bennett, the proprietors of the venture, are confident of success, and as the district, which has a population of 500,000, possesses no theatre at present, the hope seems a very reasonable one. The theatre, which will accommodate 2,500 people, is being built from designs by Mr. W. G. R. Sprague. I am sure everyone wishes Messrs. Machin and Bennett success.

Among clerical wheelmen of note there is the Rev. Henry Luke Paget, Vicar of St. Pancras, and younger son of Sir James Paget, who is frequently to be seen cycling about his parish. Like Mr. Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Lewis Waller is alive to the delights of wheeling, and I watched him the other morning careering along in fine style.



THE REPRESENTATIVES AT THE KELVIN COMMEMORATION.

La Marguerite has begun the 1896 season. She is now too well known to Londoners to require any description; but it will suffice to say that she is the largest, fastest, and most sumptuously fitted paddle-steamer in the United Kingdom. Her stability is greater than that of any steamer crossing the Channel, and she is unsinkable. A unique feature in her construction is the large promenade-deck, which in fine weather allows thousands to enjoy the sun and fresh air while taking a constitutional, and in inclement weather, which during her season is seldom experienced, affords a commodious shelter, while not depriving



"LA MARGUERITE."

passengers of the fresh air. The saloons are decorated and furnished in the most handsome fashion, and it may be mentioned that 358 passengers can sit down to lunch or dinner at the same time. This year she will go to Margate and Boulogne on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday in each week, from the opening day until the end of the season. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Sunday she goes to Margate only, and from that port sea-trips will be arranged at moderate fares. The visits of *La Marguerite* are greatly appreciated by the Margate people, who look upon her as a great pier attraction; but even greater appreciation has been shown by the inhabitants of Boulogne. They subscribed a considerable subsidy, and obtained from the French Government a substantial reduction in the tariff of landing-charges on passengers, so as to ensure the calling of the boat three times a-week at their port. In consequence of alterations in her engine-room, *La Marguerite* will this year go faster than ever, and this will give visitors time to view the sights of Boulogne, not forgetting the pretty Casino. The Boulogne people say that *La Marguerite* is bringing the trade back to their town which it lost after the war of 1870, and that she is making Boulogne. They ought to imitate Miss Letty Lind by singing a new version of "Oh, Marguerite, my darling, I adore thee!"

An Edinburgh journal has taken Sir Henry Irving severely to task for extolling the "colossal capacity of Scotsmen for drinking whisky." The Edinburgh moralist deplores the fact that whisky is consumed in Scotland. Scotsmen are convivial—more's the pity!—but why should Sir Henry seize every opportunity when he is north of the Tweed of reminding the Scots of this national failing? This indictment seems to have been provoked by Sir Henry's speech at the Edinburgh Pen and Pencil Club, where he described how he met a party of Scotsmen at Richmond, Virginia, and how they "brewed a peck o' maut of most melodious flavour." This is a little ambiguous. Did they drink the brew, or merely sing about it? How much whisky goes to the peck? And is Burns's song a sign of a "colossal capacity" for liquor? These are important questions which ought to be cleared up.

By the way, Mr. W. S. Caine asserts that teetotallers do not patronise the remarkable drunks in which an analyst has discovered a naughty superfluity of alcohol. No total abstainer ever touches parsnip-beer or any of the queer mixtures which are constantly advertised as non-alcoholic. Then who *does* drink them? If Mr. Caine asks us to believe that they are brewed for the benefit of people who make no profession of total abstinence, he asks a little too much. It is ridiculous to suppose that the habitual consumer of malt liquor would regale himself and his friends with parsnip-beer. Besides, Mr. Bannister, the analyst, is clearly not of Mr. Caine's opinion, for he declared that the manufacturers of this delectable liquid were quite innocent of the alcohol in its composition. It follows that, if they were innocent, they could not have intended their parsnip solution for consumption by non-abstainers. Moreover, it is notorious that teetotallers are always craving for new beverages, in every one of which there is a percentage of alcohol.

By all means let us be as realistic as is compatible with decency and common-sense, but isn't this carrying things a trifle too far? An entrepreneur, desirous of presenting a drama significantly entitled "His Natural Life," has been advertising in an Australian paper for "one hundred extra men as convicts; those used to jail life preferred." Pleasant for the other performers engaged for this piece!

"THE DEAR 'FOUDROYANT.'"

Mr. J. R. Cobb is to be congratulated upon having rescued from oblivion "the dear *Foudroyant*," as Lord Nelson himself called this, his pet battleship, and secured a precious relic that will remind the present generation of England's glorious naval victories in the early part of the century. Begun at Plymouth in 1789 and launched in 1798, she was at that time only the second 80-gun two-decker ever built for the British Navy, and she was said to combine the fighting power of the 98-gun three-decker with the cruising qualities of the 74-gun two-decker. Lord St. Vincent described her as "the most perfect ship that ever swam on salt water." The *Foudroyant* remained at Portsmouth for eighty-two years, namely, from 1810 to 1892, when, to the indignation of all patriotic Englishmen, she was sold to a Portsmouth "breaker-up" for £2000. He, in his turn, sold her to a German for some £4000, whereupon Mr. Cobb, her present owner, came forward, bought her, and brought her back to England, at a cost of £6000 or so. It is estimated that in all some £20,000 will have been expended upon her for exhibition purposes. Her gun-deck is still very picturesque, and she is well worth a visit as she lies at her moorings at Woolwich, whither steamers ply three times a-day from Westminster. It may be well to add that, with one exception, the *Foudroyant* is the oldest ship in the world, as she certainly is, without exception, the best-preserved, and she is good for another fifty years, at least.

"The dear *Foudroyant*" sails again
As once in days of yore,
When Nelson and his merrie men
Defended England's shore.
A hundred years are hers, and yet
No rotting hulk is she,
For, with her whitening canvas set
She longs to put to sea.

The gallant oak that bore the yoke
In Nelson's glorious days
Could tell of many a brilliant stroke
Of storm and battle blaze;
Of how she chased the *Généreux*,
How Nelson paced the deck,
And, jesting at the flying foe,
Pursued her neck on neck.

The thunder of her eighty guns
Spread terror far and wide,
As Nelson with Old England's sons
Did stem the rising tide,
Which else had seen Napoleon reign
Supreme from east to west,
And made him master of the main
That Britain rules in rest.

Is sentiment so stale a jibe,
Is gratitude a boast,
That England sold for paltry bribe
This bulwark of our coast,
Because, forsooth, the wooden wall
That carried Nelson's flag
And bore the brunt of cannon-ball
Was old and forced to lag?

Nay, not so old for all her age,
Her timbers still are sound;
And if she scarce could baffle wage,
And scarce could stand her ground,
"The dear *Foudroyant*" floats again—
Her canvas fair and free—
Right eager that her merrie men
Should sail her out to sea.



THE "FOUDROYANT."

MATABELE CHARACTERISTICS.

A great Matabele chief once said: "The rock is hard. You may not be able to break it to pieces, but you must hammer away and you will get bits off it." The same redoubtable warrior, in order, apparently, to prove his consistency, had his own mother executed for witchcraft, and followed this up by compelling one of his many wives to bury her new-born infant alive. Incredible as these things may sound, they have been common enough in an untutored nation ever first in the fray and last to sheathe the unwilling assegai. Clanship, but a clanship that we can scarcely comprehend, is the leading characteristic of the tribe. Against the common foe, the white man, they are welded together so firmly and so determinedly that the fact of a second campaign against their swarming thousands cannot have surprised anyone who has ever crossed the "rolling veldt."

Of course, the mere idea of a series of *battues*, as distinct from battles, against this unhappy people, is revolting enough to the home-keeping mind, and naturally so. But the whole history of the Matabele, from the moment when they first found themselves a people as the result of being driven gradually northwards, has been written in letters of blood. Fetish, grim and horrible, and the spoils of sanguinary war, have kept their unenlightened minds, divided, and out of the black darkness of the Matabele night scarcely a ray of light has ever come.

True, we have record of a chief who was found enlightened enough to ask his warriors whether any of them had ever been really guilty of



SIKOMBO AND A BEVY OF YOUNG UNMARRIED MATABELE GIRLS.

Photo by Mr. E. Castle.

the crime of witchcraft for which they had been "smelt out." "Not one!" was the reply of the Matabele, in a very shout of decision. But such incidents have been few and far indeed. The lust of blood has reasserted itself and has rested—the perennial skeleton at a horrid and unnatural banquet—over the destinies of this people for upwards of half a century.

In the old days the Matabele boasted picked regiments armed with battle-axes of crude workmanship but terrible destructiveness. But the slaughter and plunder of various European bands, as well as their own occasional "brushes" with the White Man, gradually put them in possession of fire-arms and a knowledge of their use—until now they have wit enough to concentrate their own fire upon the "devil-devil," or Maxim gun, of the British invader, with the laudable intention of smothering its fire and putting it out of action.

The war-dance of this tribe of "die-hards" is not without its element of impressiveness and barbaric grandeur. Almost equal in interest, though, is the "marriage-dance," indulged in with much fervour at the nuptials of warriors famed for their prowess and the number of lives they have taken. But an adequate description of the several dances, notably of the "rain-dance," or terpsichorean prayer for rain, would demand a long chapter to itself.

OUR COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

Our Supplement to-day ought to appeal to sentiment in this summer temperature. Here is a charming young woman in *négligé* attire reading a love-story; or rather, she has read a few pages, and then dropped into a reverie which is much more absorbing than the book. You can see she is constructing another romance with a more fascinating heroine, who, in this weather, very properly discards steel and whalebone when engaged in literary studies. Callers are evidently not expected; but flowers, blue china, and the zephyr through an open window afford a chaste companionship. Even in the pensive speculation of those eyes there is no man; only a hero in the abstract; so every reader of that sex may imagine himself privileged to give the lady's gaze a more definite object.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

It is to be feared that in Mr. Philip Havard, author of "Major Raymond," which was presented to us on Thursday afternoon, we have not an author likely to set even the Serpentine on fire. Such rules of construction as that which requires the more noteworthy parts of a piece to be pertinent to the rest apparently do not commend themselves to him. No doubt it is pleasant to meet with a dramatic mutineer, but one requires him to prove that he knows the canons that he is breaking before one can accept his breaches. Now "Major Raymond" during two acts, at least, seems to consist of a series of blind alleys and false starts, and one's patience is exhausted—or very nearly—before the author reaches the real business of the piece. As the result of a long experience of trial matinées, I had guessed that a great deal of the second act was mere padding that might be ignored, and it was amusing to me to watch the amateur playgoers making efforts to divine the purpose of some of the earlier scenes. However, there were some effective moments, and if Mr. Havard were to rewrite his piece, and use the blue pencil lavishly, it might do very well in the provinces, with the aid of a somewhat stronger company. Certainly Mr. Oswald Yorke acted very ably; Miss Eva Moore was charming; Miss Mary Raby showed some ability; and Mr. Hippisley suggested that he may be able to do good work. As to the others, except perhaps Mr. Volpe, silence is charity.

The mere omission of the words "new and original" is not a very handsome acknowledgment by the half-dozen dead and living people concerned in the creation of "On the March" of their debt to the work upon which it is said that their piece has been founded. To me, as a rule, it seems better in such cases to make a clean breast of the matter than to indulge in compromise. However, it is a case of everyone to his taste, even if the taste be ill. Certainly it matters little whether novelty and originality are claimed for the musical farce or not, since it is not of sufficient quality to be a matter of importance. Some of the critics, perhaps, have been a little hard upon the work; but it is not difficult to sympathise with those who grew tired before "On the March" came to a full stop. They would have been more amiable if a lengthy, lamentable negro song, given by the permission of somebody who might very well have handed it over with a pound of tea, had not deadened the last few minutes of the already somewhat exhausted work.

Personally, I am a fervent believer in musical comedy, despite very many disappointments, for it seems to me that, in the hands of clever people able to ignore the music-hall, it might lead to a delightful entertainment. Unfortunately, "On the March" is one of the disappointments. It opened rather well and ended very ill. Certainly Mr. Brookfield and Mr. Horace Mills managed to enliven the last half-hour by a clever burlesque of a topical song, otherwise the humours already exploited in "A Pantomime Rehearsal" and elsewhere, of the scene behind the scenes, was somewhat trying. It may have been a question of personal prejudice that affected me. I had heard that Mr. Thomas E. Murray, who is making his first appearance in London, was a really brilliant low comedian: it had even been whispered that Mr. Arthur Roberts was in peril. However, Mr. Roberts sat in a box and applauded and beamed in a style that suggested perfect happiness. No doubt the American artist has some cleverness, and, indeed, I should not object if he were kept in London, and one or two popular low comedians of the musico-dramatic stage that I might name were sent out to America to replace him. Yet, judging by what we have seen, Mr. Murray is not "a very big bump on the log." He has something of the style of Mr. R. G. Knowles, but nothing like the real comic force of the central figure of "A Trip to China Town." Perhaps it was his over-elaborated business with the syphon that cast a damp over the proceedings.

Mr. Templar Saxe used his excellent voice very well. Miss Maud Boyd was decidedly pleasing. Miss Alice Atherton has her hearty admirers, and it is my misfortune that I am not one of them. Not only did Mr. Brookfield do clever work, but Mr. Horace Mills well deserved the applause that he received; and some praise is due to Mr. Cecil Ramsey.

Miss Cissy Grahame has latterly come to the fore as a purveyor of light musical fare, her companies with "A Gaiety Girl" and "All Abroad," for instance, having been successful. Her leading man, Mr. Murray, toured last year with a piece, "Our Irish Visitors," described as being "constructed for laughing purposes only." Making his mark in this, Mr. Murray then scored a huge success in one of the very best of the 1895-6 pantomimes, that of "Cinderella," at the Comedy Theatre, Manchester, and long before the close of the run of that pantomime, near to the end of March, his impersonation of the Baron was popular with most North of England playgoers.

Scant justice has been done to Sir Augustus Harris's achievements as an actor. I have not forgotten the "Othello" at Drury Lane, when John McCullough was the Moor and Sir Augustus appeared as Roderigo. McCullough's performance has faded from my memory, but I can still see Roderigo, horribly nervous, quite unaccustomed to his clothes, especially the hat pressed down over his eyes. I can see those eyes starting from his head, and wandering from side to side as if he expected somebody in the wings to say, "Here! come off, Gus! We can't stand this any more!" I remember, too, one of those marvellous autumn dramas in which the villain fell down a lift in a hotel, leaving Augustus horror-stricken at his doom. As a facial expression of emotion it was unique.



MISS CISSY GRAHAME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE FIDDLER OF CARNE."*

We should have pronounced "The Fiddler of Carne" a thing of—

Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim,

but for its dedication. There we are initiated into its inner meaning as a fable of the disturbing effect of the appearance of a self-absorbed artist in a matter-of-fact and half-civilised community, "teaching it strange lore; the maiden in its midst to look to new horizons, the lover to follow his fate, hot youth to follow his ambition, or cold age to judge more coldly amiss." Certainly, the disturbing influence of the uncanny Fiddler of Carne on the heroine is artistic; but it is merely maleficent upon the rest of the little community. From the moment he drops, as it were, from the sky into Carne, nothing goes normally or happily; but only a small part of these unmerciful disasters is directly traceable to the influence of a Pied Piper who is more unlucky even than malign. The real Pied Piper, however, is the author, who by the sheer force of the instrument he plays upon—a style "of imagination all compact"—draws you after him, unresistingly and unquestioningly, through the most startling improbabilities of incident and character. The daemonic Fiddler has not a more mesmeric hold upon his audience than his creator has upon the reader from the first page to the last of this truly original romance. The weird Fiddler appropriately appears as the story opens, and disappears at its close—in a storm. He was the sole passenger on board the Dutch ship *Horsa*, bound for the Thames; but he played so incessantly and enchantingly during the voyage that the sailors quitted their posts to dance, and let the ship drift wildly out of her course and into a storm, from which she took refuge in the harbour of Carne. During the voyage the Dutch captain tried to have this Jonah flung overboard—in vain, since his fiddling kept the sailors dancing helplessly; but now he gives the Fiddler the slip, puts to sea without him, and maroons him at Carne. In the small hours of a stormy morning the weird Fiddler, more dead than alive, knocks repeatedly at the door of "The First and Last Inn," but so diffidently that only the daughter of its Welsh landlord, Marged Ffoulkes, at length hears him, and hurries down half-clothed to admit him. Marged, the most natural, sweet, and pathetic of heroines, is fascinated strangely by the weird and wistful face of the Fiddler, whose uncanny eyes mesmerise her with an influence "in which a half-repulsion became a whole and most irresistible attraction." Probably pity for his forlorn aspect and condition had much to do with the kind of feeling which now struck root in her heart for the tabooed and persecuted foreigner, as contrasted with her feeling for her human, strong, and heroic lover, Andrèr Fostor. For pity, says Heine, is not only akin to love, "but its last consecration, and is, perhaps, love itself." Besides this protective pity, however, there was the latent Welsh passion for music in Marged's heart for the weird Paganini to play upon, and he plays upon it with Orphean effect. More than all, there was the elfin fascination this unearthly being exercised, either willingly or unwillingly, wittingly or unwittingly, upon everyone who approached him. Thus Marged is distracted between an unhealthy fascination for the Fiddler and a sweet and wholesome love for her old schoolmate Andrèr. She has not long to wait for evidence in the conduct of the two rivals of the contrast between their characters.

At a tenants' ball the fiddler takes the place of the local performer—incapacitated by drunkenness—and plays, as he had played on board ship, irresistibly. No one, however exhausted, can stop dancing

madly until the fiddle stops its mad playing. In the midst of a frantic jig, when player and dancers seemed alike possessed, a seaman burst into the hall, shouting, "'There's a ship lost, lads, on the Seven Sisters! We want some o' ye!' His voice was clamorous, its note urgent; but, whether the Fiddler did not understand its import, or whether he chose simply to exercise his powers to the last, he did not cease fiddling. And while he still fiddled the dancers must dance." Thus precious time was lost, and its loss meant the loss of the ship's crew. It meant the loss besides of a boat which put off from a hopelessly exposed point to the wreck's rescue. This boat Andrèr, who had been prevented by his mother's death from attending the ball, had manned with a gallant crew of volunteers to go on what all knew was a forlorn hope. Of the ten that manned it seven were drowned, while Andrèr, who was one of the three survivors, got an ugly wound on the head, which disordered his brain. We presume, at least, that his morbid conviction of having been the murderer of the seven drowned men, because it was by his persuasion they had manned the lifeboat, was due to the knock on his head affecting his brain. This morbid idea so possesses him that he can think of nothing, not of Marged even, until he has built a lifeboat to save as many lives as he felt had been lost through his means. Besides, he felt that his illegitimacy, which his dying mother had confided to him, barred his suit to the girl. Marged, thus chilled by Andrèr, is drawn once more towards the Fiddler by protective pity. A preposterous charge of murder, for which there was no motive and next to no evidence, is brought against the Fiddler, and Marged, with the assistance of Andrèr and of Andrèr's real father, Lord Carne, does all she can to help the supposed murderer to escape capture. We must admit that both the charge of murder and Lord Carne's romantically proffered offer of assistance to help the escape of the accused are not improbable only, but incredible. But the escape itself is admirably described, while its final scene, where Marged, Andrèr, and the Fiddler meet together in the storm, is as finely done as anything in recent fiction. Marged, unable to endure longer the brutality of her step-mother, is put by her father on board the *Jolly Jane* for shipment to Greyport, where her aunt lived. In the harbour the *Jolly Jane*, at Marged's urgent intercession, stops to pick up the Fiddler, who cannot manage the little boat in which he is attempting to escape.

Outside the harbour the *Jolly Jane* encounters such a storm as finally drives her back, rudderless and sinking, to its mouth. At

this moment two chances of escape present themselves to the few men left upon the sinking schooner: a great ship approaches them from the seaward side, and from the landward puts off a white coble—Andrèr's new lifeboat. The Fiddler, who during the storm showed that the safety of his fiddle was more to him than Marged's, is taken on board the ship; but she prefers death with Andrèr to life with him. When a sailor from the rescuing ship would have carried her on board—

She turned from him to Andrèr's coble, which had been driven in beneath the schooner, a last sea sending it on with a rush crash against the bows! A deadly blow! "Andrèr!" she cried again. He stood up in the boat, held out his arms, and cried, "Margret!" "Come, come!" cried the sailor from the ship, touching her. She threw off his arm, threw back her hair, gathered her cloak, fled down the rent and desperate deck, that seemed to cry out and part asunder beneath her feet; and with one wild leap was in the clasp of him who had staked his boat of boats to save her. And oh, the comfort of those unavailing arms! She felt the boat sinking, and looking round saw no sign of other life than theirs. She clung to him in a last sobbing rapture. Her home was in that sinking boat, and he was her whole world and her immortality.

We have said nothing of the subordinate scenes and characters. The whole Carne household are impossibly brutal; but the *habitués* of the "First and Last," with whom we have most to do, are so lifelike as to seem drawn direct from life.

* "The Fiddler of Carne. A North Sea Winter's Tale." By Ernest Rhys. Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes and Colleagues.



MR. ERNEST RHYS.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

LIFE ON BOARD A SOUTH AFRICAN LINER.

Photographs by Horace Nicholls.

THREADING THE NEEDLE.



LADIES' POTATO-RACE.



LADIES' EGG-AND- SPOON RACE.



WHEELBARROW RACE.



A COCK-FIGHT.



A COCK-FIGHT.



A SACK RACE.



SLINGING THE MONKEY.

A REVIVAL OF "COMUS."

Photographs by Martin, Cheltenham.

The occasion being the glorification of the movement for the higher education of women, so triumphantly carried on in the Ladies' College which queens it over Cheltenham, it doubtless appeared to some a trifle maladroit on the part of the authorities to have selected for performance a play by the poet who, of all men living or dead, has done most to propagate the old-fashioned doctrine of wifely submissiveness, of passive obedience—not, truly, to a political but to a domestic tyrant. Referring to the well-known passage, "God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise," in which the author of "Paradise Lost" makes Eve define her duty towards Adam according to his own ideas and contrary to his own experience, have we not read on high authority, no less than that of the Lady Principal, Miss Beale herself, that "nothing can justify the words"? How came it, then, that the College Guild should

delight to honour the memory of the author of social heresies which are anathema among all collegiate ladies and sweet girl-graduates? Or was the inconsistency—apparent inconsistency; are ladies ever inconsistent?—due to the ambition of being the first to reproduce on the stage, after two centuries and a half of neglect, the "Masque of Comus." Such, at any rate, is now the proud boast (we will not undertake to vouch for its justification) of the Cheltenham Guild; and certainly the inscription "First presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634; last at Cheltenham, 1896," looks pretty enough on the programme, and, taken in conjunction with an admirable preface by Dorothea Beale, gives that tiny brochure a literary value and more than a transient interest. The list of previous successes, namely, the "Alcestis" of Euripides, Tennyson's "Princess," and Spenser's "Britomart," is therefore fitly crowned by "Comus";

and we may assume that modern woman—far be it from us to say "emancipated," for this word is foreign to the spirit of Cheltenham College—has bestowed her forgiveness and benediction on the blind poet, who seems to have gone hopelessly astray in the Garden of Eden after such a promising flutter on the banks of Severn. And was not this, after all, the form in which Milton set forth his earliest and best ideal, "ere his judgment regarding all women had

been distorted by his disappointment in one"? Mark the subtle suggestiveness underlying the apparent inappropriateness previously alluded to. "His (Milton's) studious boyhood had been followed by seven years of University life, and now for two years he had been living in retirement"; aye, and with poetic vision he doubtless brooded over the advent of higher-educated woman, and the result was the "Masque of Comus." Later on came the terrible disillusion of real life, of narrow-minded, uncultured, Puritanical woman; and then, after putting our first parent in her proper place, his latest conception is, alas! the Delilah of Samson Agonistes, whom he greets with the cry of "Out, out, hyæna!" "How different," we are told,

"might have been the course of the poet's life, how different his later ideal, had Mary Powell been able to appreciate the great qualities of her somewhat stern but noble-minded husband!" In short, had poor Mrs. Milton, *née* Powell, enjoyed the unquestioned advantage of the Cambridge or Oxford course at a Cheltenham College, how different might have been the composition of "Paradise Lost"!

The airy suggestiveness of the theme has so devoured space as to exclude detailed criticism of the performance; nor would it, after all, be of interest to the general reader to learn that one "spirit" didn't speak quite loud enough, and that another, though acting well, stumbled in her part. Suffice it that the effort was altogether most creditable, and that the chorus-singing and incidental music were of such a character as to augur well of the forthcoming annual concert.





LABOURER (*leaning on fence*) : Why d' ye plant them ere cabbages zigzag, Jim ?
JIM : I dooes that ter put th' snails orf the track.

SOUTH SEA ROMANCES.

The collaboration of Mr. Louis Becke and Mr. Walter Jeffery has in two instances been brightly successful. Mr. Becke's South Sea stories were vigorous and exciting in subject, but the knack of easily attracting even such readers as were thirsting for tales of travel and adventure was not his. "By Reef and Palm" and "The Ebbing of the Tide" contained excellent material, much of which was spoiled for lack of a quick literary or dramatic sense. Whether to Mr. Jeffery should be given all the credit of the readability of "A First Fleet Family" (Unwin) and "The Mystery of the Laughlin Islands" (Unwin) it is impossible to say; but, at least, in neither of these have I had fits of discouragement. The latter is a short story of some convicts rescued from Botany Bay and then abandoned on an island. It is slight enough, but it is skilfully made real to the imagination by the tales and evidence of several actors in the dismal drama. "A First Fleet Family" is a much bigger affair, being, indeed, a most important chapter in the history of the colonisation of New South Wales, and as convincingly real and vivid as a narrative can be. It purports to be a very slightly revised version of a journal kept by Sergeant Dew, who went out with the first transport of convicts to New Holland, some names and circumstances being changed in deference to the feelings of surviving descendants of the persons dealt with, and some omissions made for the sake of brevity. It knocks on the head a good many of the sentimental legends about innocent, ill-used convicts and brutal authorities, and, though the narrative is from the pen of a man who naively paints himself as servilely loyal to the powers that be, and a priggish devotee of law and order, his evidence in favour of the wise and forbearing government of Philip and most of his colleagues is entirely convincing. The narrative of a man like Dew is almost bound to be most interesting on its imaginative side—in the description of the life on board the transport-ship, of the convicts' labour, the hardships of the whole colony through scarcity of food, and blundering of the authorities at home. He could not make the most of the romance; but he could not spoil it, and the figure of Mary Broad stands out impressively great in his dry story. He had loved her, but he had neither the quick wits nor the spirit to please her while Bryant, an Irishman of courage and daring, was near. Bryant got into trouble for smuggling, and Mary attempted to rescue him from Winchester Jail. They were both transported, but allowed to marry. Dew became their jailer, and, raised to the rank of corporal and sergeant, he never quite guessed his own inferiority. The life of a beautiful and virtuous woman amid a colony of scoundrels was hard enough, but she was a mother, too, and her children were starving. So she urged her husband to flee, and the story of the Bryants' escape and miserable adventures in an open boat, of their recapture, of the husband's death, and Mary's subsequent fortunes, are too tragic and romantic in themselves to lose by the dry and prim manner of Sergeant Dew's narrative.



*Some for the glories of this world; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah! take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.*

FRONTISPICE OF THE MENU-CARD OF THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB DINNER.

without whom Omar might, so far as we English are concerned, have slept unknown at Naishapur—was honoured, and the weal of the President in a new departure which he is about to take expressed. Which drew words of valediction from the chair; words, too, of good wishes for its next occupant and the future of the club. But perhaps among the sentiments that touched the company most were those which Mr. Grant Allen made music of in the verses that thrilled us as he read—

If systems that be are the order of God,
Revolt is a part of the order.

Afterwards Mr. "Adrian Ross" recited his revised version of the fable of "The Frog and the Ox," not omitting the moral. And then, under "the full moon and the white evening star," the company left the hospitable Crown to scatter themselves by the riverside.

THE OMAR KHAYYAM CLUB.

Among "the high midsummer pomps" of the Upper Thames—to wit, at Great Marlow—the members of the Omar Khayyam Club drank their red wine, wore their red roses, and feasted their guests last Saturday evening. For the Omarian is nothing if not social: "a Loaf of Bread, a Jug of Wine," and "Thou" superadded, are the fundamental elements of the gathering; and so it was that honouring guests fringed the long table at which Mr. Clement Shorter, being President, presided. Among these were Herr J. M. W. von de Pooten-Schwartz, better known as "Maarten Maartens," Dr. Walter Leaf, Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Mr. Harold Frederic. The "bidding prayer" of the Master recited, and the commemorating cup silently drunk with obedience to the command to

"turn down an empty glass," there followed a few words of welcome to the guests from Mr. Edward Clodd. To this came response from "Maarten Maartens" in clear-cut sentences, the moulding of which would have set the company wondering by what magic the English language had thus been mastered by a foreigner, but that the vigorous and graceful style of "God's Fool" and "The Sin of Joost Aveling" had prepared them for the purity of the novelist's speech. Then the response to the toast was given a "double Dutch" flavour by Mr. Harold Frederic, who confessed what blood of the Hollander coursed through his veins. He, in true Omarian spirit, bade hosts and guests alike "gather rosebuds while they may," and seize on some moments of the day for the self which the Minotaur of Convention and Custom devours. After this bit of "Illumination" from so radiant a source, Dr. Walter Leaf gave the entranced company a couplet from the Persian—be it Hafiz or Omar, we wot not—the translation of which not even threat of wild horses could drag either from the President or his polyglottous prospective successor, Mr. Edmund Gosse. Nor could the same feral quadrupeds drag a speech from the observant, taciturn author who lit up, years ago, "A Window in Thrums." So it remained that, in a felicitous speech from the polygonal ex-President, Mr. George Whale, the memory of Edward Fitzgerald—

HORS D'ŒUVRES.



OMAR AT MARLOW.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Too long have we dallied, my Omar, too long,
With metres austere and iambic:
A rapider measure I ask for my song,
Anapæstic, abrupt, dithyrambic.
The reddest of roses my locks shall entwine,
And—ho there! Luigi or Carlo!
A beaker this way of the ruddiest wine
That lurks in the cellars of Marlow!

Is it chance, is it fate, that has guided our crew
To a nook by the eddying river,
Where Shelley gazed down upon ripples that woo
And rushes that listen and quiver?
He loved not to look on the wine as it flows,
Blood-red, from the flagon that holds it;
Yet who could so pierce to the soul of a rose
Through the chalice of bloom that enfolds it?

Not as he, not as he, was the Seer of the East,
The Master and Mage that we follow;
He knew, as he smiled on the amorous feast,
That the world—and the wine-cup—are hollow;
But he knew that the Power, high-sceptred above,
Is more than the anchorite spectre;
That the world may be filled with the greatness of love,
And the wine-cup with roseate nectar.

No saint—and no sot—was our Omar, I wis,
But a singer serene, philosophic;
For Philosophy mellows her mouth to a kiss
With each step that she takes toward the tropic.
Pale gold is the grain in the vats of the north;
Lush purple thy grape, Algeciras;
And the creed that is cold by the mists of the Forth
Glows pink in the gardens of Shiraz.

Of fate and foreknowledge, of freedom and doom,
He sang; of the bud and the blossom;
Life, whirled in a flash from its birth to its tomb;
Death, gathering all in his bosom;
Of Allah, who, cloaked by the World and the Word,
Still veils his inscrutable features;
Of man, and his debt to his Maker and Lord;
Of God, and his debt to his creatures.

A rebel our Shelley! a rebel our Mage!
That brotherly link shall suffice us;
Tis in vain that the zealots, oh Prophet and Sage,
From his creed—and from thine—would entice us.
We seek not to stray from the path that ye trod;
We seek but to widen its border;
If systems that be are the order of God,
Revolt is a part of the order.

But whither, oh, whither, my petulant muse,
To heights that outsoar and surpass us?
Not thine to be spent with ineffable dews
On perilous peaks of Parnassus;
Leave loftier themes of the fortunes of Man
To our orient's occident herald,
Who grafted a rose of thy stock, Gulistan,
Upon English sweetbriar—FitzGerald!

These three be the tutelar gods of our feast,
And to-night, 'twere a sin to divide them,
Two bards of the West, and a bard of the East,
With one spirit to quicken and guide them.
So, Luigi or Carlo, a beaker again,
This way, of your liveliest Pommard!
We'll drink to a trio whose star shall not wane—
Here's Shelley, FitzGerald, and Omar!



This is the age of large men—it would, perhaps, be too rash and premature to say great men. Greatness is adjudged by history, and the considerable men of our own time and country may only subtend so large an angle to us because they are very close. That Sir Augustus Harris was a great or particularly original intellect few will maintain; but he has left as large and as evident a gap as any man that could be named in England at the present day. Frankly a caterer for the public taste, he confined himself to giving the public the best of any sort of thing it wanted, without trying to raise its aim, but merely to attain that aim with a perfection previously unknown. If the public wanted gorgeous displays, punctuated with music-hall celebrities, it had both in abundance at Christmas; if it required spectacular scenes and big effects and broad and obvious sentiment, it got all these in the Drury Lane melodramas. There was no attempt to educate or anticipate taste; Sir Augustus recognised that the manager is a cook, not a physician. Yet it would be a plausible and not improbably true thesis to maintain that he did more for the improvement of dramatic and musical entertainments, as a whole, than all the able and learned critics who have been badgering the British Philistine for terms of years.

What he did was not always particularly lofty, but he did it completely; whereas a dramatic critic is too often a voice and no more, and his lamentations over the stupidity of our drama are

Like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste place, where no one comes,
Nor hath come, since the making of the world.

At any rate, if Harris devised a spectacular effect, it appeared; whereas the critic may imagine the ideal drama for years, and cannot get it written, even by himself. And Harris, dying in the fulness of his work, leaves a huge gap that will take several men to fill: what sign would there be to mark the disappearance of a critic? Possibly a change in the initials at the bottom of a column. So much advantage has the man of action over the man of comment.

But Sir Augustus bulks so largely in the dramatic and musical world because he was doing more than any man could sustain for long. In this, too, he was a type of the age. The successful man, the man whose name is known, is overburdened with work; to refuse it may endanger his standing, to accept it often kills him. Flying to the ends of the earth after singers or pieces or stage effects, writing up plays during rehearsals, keeping a dozen enterprises aloft as a juggler does his knives or balls, entertaining hospitably, living freely—no constitution could endure the strain long. Nerves and brain held out, but the body collapsed. Napoleon was short-lived, and those who live the multifarious Napoleonic life do not last long. But it may be that those who keep many enterprises going live so intensely that their lifetime is long, if measured by interest and enjoyment—if only they escape worry, the haunting demon that bores into the brain. Napoleon never worried till he was cooped at St. Helena; nor can Sir Augustus Harris have worried.

It is a question whether it is better to be the long-lived, merely potential genius or ordinary business man, or plunge into the fiery career of recognised eminence. Many a long life has been a prolonged death, so far as any real meaning of life or reason for living went. The man had given or lost his best in early manhood; what remained to him was routine, which gradually wore away even the old wish to excel. Think of the thousands and even millions of lives whose every act can be predicted months and years ahead; think of the enormous dose of routine and habit that enters into the lives of even the most original and adventurous! It is worth while to be burnt out quickly rather than rusted away infinitesimally. Even shattered nerves—*pace* Dr. Nordau's opinion, or one of his contradictory phases of opinion—are preferable to the bovine stolidity that knows nothing of nerves or digestion. A sea-anemone can have no headache, because it has no head; but the man has the advantage of the zoophyte for all that.

Perhaps we shall have some of our advanced thinkers regretting that the deceased manager did not use his wonderful powers of organisation for more improving ends. Why did he not reform the drama, regenerate the opera, make England once more the chief in plays as he helped to make her first in scenic effects? The answer seems to be, that if Sir Augustus had applied himself to giving the British public what it ought to want, and may some day come to want, he would never have attained to his high position at all. The qualities that made him a great administrator kept him from being a reformer. He filled Covent Garden and Drury Lane, those two enormous sinks of other men's gold and reputation, with delighted audiences; he gave the British public, year after year, a gorgeous pantomime, an impressive spectacular melodrama, a noteworthy season of grand opera. That he was not ahead of his generation, except in power of work, may be granted; but the administrator seldom is. Even Napoleon dismissed the steamboat as a chimera, and never made any improvement worth mentioning in the weapons of the armies that he handled.

MARMITON.

THE "ANCIENT AND HONORABLES", OF MASSACHUSETTS.

People who know Boston, U.S.A.—Hub of the Universe, centre of American culture, and aforetime also of the literary activity of America; most English of American towns, beloved of Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and all Britishers who may have partaken of the hospitality of Beacon Street, Charles Street, and the Back Bay lands—people who know Boston should likewise know that time-honoured, smart military organisation, the "Ancient and Honorable" of Massachusetts. This famous citizen regiment is a pillar of the State, most in evidence, shall we say, in the leafy month of June. On the day the "Ancient and Honorable" turn out for their annual exercises and commemoration on the common, all Boston, headed by his Excellency The Governor, the Mayor and Municipality, goes forth to receive them.

Your true-born American, Democrat, Republican, Mugwump, Silverman, McKinleyite, Greenbaeker, Solid-goldman, Straddler, or aught else politically, has as keen a relish for military display as any average Englishman. In the matter of choice and varied uniforms, the United States, take them all round, can give points to England and beat us hollow. If the dress of the regular army of America shows only a modest and somewhat sober tone of grey, that of the several States' militia regiments exhibits almost every kind and variety in design of the enterprising military tailor's craft. We have, for example, seen a town's regiment of cavalry clad in a cloth of bright magenta and yellow. That gay uniform reminded us of nothing so much as a sartorial effort of the late lamented Mr. Phineas T. Barnum. The regiment formed an escort to a Russian Grand Duke. The day was rainy, the men were without great-coats, and the bright magenta and yellow dyes had blended into a kind of front and back colour-map of the islands of Oceana, such as children love to depict on paper with a shilling box of water-colours. Americans are nothing if not original, and certainly, in the way of military uniforms for parade purposes, their originality has hitherto left little to be desired.

The pity of it is that they are now showing a disposition to become mere copyists. Even tailors must fail when they take to these treacherous courses. Your true tailor is, after all, but an artist in cloth. All good artists, whether in colours or black-and-white, will tell him that, once he takes to copying, his business is done for. Indeed, the officials of our own War Office and Admiralty will bear us out that, in the matter of

naval and military uniforms, the only tailors who have a ghost of a chance in these times of getting on the advisory staff must be men of genius—tailors of originality and method, with an eye to form and colour; true artists, who know intuitively what is sure to "catch on" at headquarters in the way of caps, coats, trousers, facings, helmets, belts, pouches, stripes, emblems, gold lace, horse-trappings, what not. A tailor who can give a new twist to a yard of gold lace on an infantry officer's tunic is an artist. One who can invent a pair of blue-cloth cavalry overalls so tight-fitting as to show no crease in the bend of the leg, and yet so loose as to allow the full enjoyment of a trooper-major's stomach, is undoubtedly a tailor of ability.

It is with regret we learn from Boston newspapers that the "Ancient and Honorable" of Massachusetts now on the point of arrival in London have gone to the expense of a new uniform for the purposes of their visit. It would be in the highest degree impertinent to discuss the reason why: possibly because the "Ancient and Honorable" wish to appear their very best in the streets of London, and thus do honour to themselves and to Londoners, who intend to do their utmost to make the visit in every possible way agreeable to the men of Massachusetts. But why, oh, why, have they changed that picturesque old Continental garb (of which an illustration is given) for an imitation of the modern German? They could not have bettered that ancient and honourable blue and buff uniform if they had enlisted the services of all the tailors of eminence in Boston, New York, London, or Paris. We venture to say that it is alike comely, picturesque, and attractive, and a long way ahead of most European uniforms of modern date, whether state, official, or military.

No one supposes that men now go to the wars in such uniforms. The Massachusetts Regiment is over here on the business of pleasure, and we Englishmen would like to have

seen them clad in that uniform they wore when Americans were English themselves and ranged themselves side by side as comrades-in-arms for the commonweal of king and mother country. They had no reason to feel any mistrust of the way in which Londoners would have viewed the old Continental garb. It would have served to remind us of old times, and of times, we trust, yet to come, when Americans and Englishmen knew no political rivalry save in affairs tending to the common advantage of both nations. It only remains for us to bid the "Ancient and Honorable" of Massachusetts welcome to England. They will, doubtless, find their time very agreeably occupied during their brief stay in this country.



THE ORIGINAL COSTUME OF THE "ANCIENT AND HONORABLES" OF MASSACHUSETTS.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

William McKinley, who has just been nominated by the Republican National Convention assembled at St. Louis as the candidate of his party for the United States Presidency, is in his fifty-fourth year, having been born in January 1843 in the small Ohio town of Niles. His father—William McKinley also—was of Scotch-Irish extraction, and died but two years ago, at eighty-six years of age. His mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Allison, and who brought a slight German strain into his blood, still lives, at the age of eighty-five. Thus that lustihood which, after regularity and vividness of feature, is the first thing noted in Governor McKinley by the stranger, comes to him by direct descent. The family were fairly prosperous, and the nine children—five sons and four daughters—were given more than ordinary education. After passing a few sessions at a local academy, Governor McKinley became himself a teacher, and was presiding over a country school when the war broke out and drove him into a very different service. He enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Ohio, a famous regiment, commanded at different times by General Rosecrans, ex-President Hayes, ex-Governor Cox. He was soon promoted to second lieutenant, a few months later to first lieutenant, and July 1864 to captain. For gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek he was also brevetted major by President Lincoln. Although not allowed to remain one long, Governor McKinley has always felt a just pride in having once been a private.

At the close of the war, Governor McKinley was offered a commission in the regular army, and inclined to accept it, but was dissuaded by his father. Instead, he studied law. On being admitted to practice, he established himself in the town of Canton, Ohio, where he had a rapid success, rising within two years to the office of Prosecuting Attorney for the County. Within a few years also—that is, in January 1871—he made a peculiarly happy and helpful marriage, winning for his wife Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of a prominent and prosperous citizen of Canton. The consecration of sorrow has not been withheld from this union; for two young daughters, the only children born of it, have died, and Mrs. McKinley herself is forced to a constant and painful contention with ill-health.

Governor McKinley was first elected to Congress in 1876, and he served continuously there until March 1891, save that late in the first session of his fourth term, in a contest over his seat, the House decided in favour of the contestant, Mr. Wallace, and for the remainder of that term Governor McKinley was retired. On June 7, 1891, he was unanimously nominated by the Republicans of Ohio for Governor, and was elected by a plurality of 21,511. At his re-election in November 1893 his plurality was 80,900, the largest majority ever cast for a Governor of the State.

The part of his Congressional service by which Governor McKinley is best known is his authorship, as Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, of the McKinley Tariff Act. But he has done much other important work in Congress, serving on the Committee on the Revision of Laws, the Judiciary Committee, and the Committees on Expenditures, Post-Office Department, and Rules. In 1889 he was a candidate for the Speakership of the House, but was defeated by Mr. Reed of Maine.

In the Republican National Convention of 1888, when the course seemed to be opening to the "dark horses," there were prophets who predicted with all confidence the nomination of McKinley; and to this day it is an open question whether anything could have kept these prophecies from fulfilment but the rising of Governor McKinley in Convention and his protesting, in the interest of Senator Sherman's candidacy, which he was supporting, against the casting of votes for

himself. In the Convention of 1892, the movement in his favour was, if not actually stronger, at least, openly so. Of this latter Convention he was the permanent chairman. He sat also in the Republican National Convention of 1884, and one of the memorable scenes of that Convention was the reading of the platform by him in his rich, far-reaching voice.

Since his entrance to Congress, in 1876, Governor McKinley has been so constantly in public life that he has had little occasion for a house of his own in his home-town of Canton. When there he lives, as convenience and pleasure dictate, with Mrs. McKinley's family, in the Saxton homestead, or with his own, in the McKinley homestead; rather more with the latter, perhaps, than the former. Of his own family, the circle is now reduced to his aged mother and his sister Helen.

THE NEW GUILDHALL PRINCIPAL.

The appointment of Mr. William H. Cummings as Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, *vice* Sir Joseph Barnby deceased, is invested

with peculiar interest (writes a *Sketch* representative). Mr. Cummings not only succeeds to a chair unusually admirably filled by his predecessor, rendering his new position one of much difficulty and onerous responsibility, but this is the first appointment, as principal of a great English school of music, made from the ranks of the vocal artists; indeed, the appointment may be viewed almost in the light of an experiment. Of course, we have had principals whose vocal powers as choir-boys first placed them on the rungs of the ladder of fame; but in Mr. Cummings we have a principal whose position in the musical world has mainly been attained by an adult voice, a tenor, the purity of which, with his consummate knowledge of phrasing and power of clear enunciation, has placed him in the forefront of oratorio-singers of this or of any country. Like Stainer, Sullivan, and Barnby, and many others, Mr. Cummings commenced his musical life as a choir-boy. At six and a half he joined the choir of St. Paul's, and at once won the notice of Mr. Goss, the eminent organist, by his sight-reading of an anthem by Jeremiah Clarke, a test task; and when still a boy Mendelssohn patted him on the shoulder for his admirable vocalisation on the first production of "Elijah" in England. But it is needless to detail the steps of Mr. Cummings from the positions of principal tenor at the Temple Church, Westminster Abbey, and the Chapels Royal to the eminent position his talents have now very properly secured him.

Photography relieves me of any personal description of Mr. Cummings, but it cannot reproduce the quiet, unaffected manner, and evident reserve of force which marks the true artist, and which is so essential

to success in carrying out the duties of Principal of the Guildhall School of Music.

"I suppose there was a tide in your affairs, like in most of others, if we only knew it, which led on to fortune, Mr. Cummings?" I remarked, as we sat chatting after luncheon in one of the rooms of the Arts Club.

"Quite so. Certainly in my case. It came when I was a youth of nineteen, and when I was living in Red Lion Square. Mr. G. W. Martin came to me one day and said, 'Reeves can't sing; will you take his part in "Judas Maccabæus?"' There are a couple of ten-pound notes hanging to the job—Nonsense! don't refuse it; it doesn't matter to you, at any rate, if you fail.' Well, of course, I shouldn't be telling you the story if I had failed."

"And then?"

"After that I took lessons from Randegger, and a fact which is very funny is that, while he taught me singing, I taught him to play the organ."



*Very truly
John H. McKinley*

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"And then?"

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"Of course, you have had experience in conducting?"

"Certainly. I conducted the Royal Society of Musicians for some years, and the Sacred Harmonic Concerts after Costa. Apropos of him and myself, I'll tell you a little incident. I had written a song for one of the Birmingham Festivals. We were rehearsing it, when Costa suggested that I should conduct it from the big desk; and this I did, and at the public performance the situations were reversed, for I sang to his conducting."

"I forget if you have composed very much?"

"Not to the same extent that others have—indeed, I have never had the time. When I was sixteen the Abbey Glee Club gave me a prize for a quartette, and so did the Noblemen's Catch Club, which performed several of my compositions, and I was responsible for 'The Fairy Ring,' a cantata played at St. James's Hall in 1873."

"In what branch of music do you consider that England excels?"

"Unquestionably in choral music, especially in connection with oratorio. There has been a very marked advance of late years in



MR. W. H. CUMMINGS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

orchestral music, and the love of it, once confined to London and Manchester, is now diffused throughout the country, strengthening very perceptibly the growth of musical art throughout the kingdom. There is a great improvement visible in the technique of orchestra and in vocal writing, and especially in the lighter vein of comic opera."

"I am an advocate for encouraging good ballad-music."

"That's right; I would that ballads were of the Old English type; but, alas! so many modern ballads are rendered maudlin by the inferior muse of the poet, which is often beneath contempt."

"America sends us many beautiful female voices, both contralto and soprano, but good male voices, whether tenor or bass, are rare. How is that?"

"I really cannot tell you. Perhaps the ladies abstain from brandy cocktails and tobacco, and the men do not," he replied laughingly.

"Nor does America give the world many composers and conductors?"

"Very true, but Theodore Thomas is a man of first rank as a conductor. As to composers, I'm afraid your remark is just indeed. I only know of one really true lyric poet—that is Longfellow. There are Whittier and Lowell, but they are of another class."

"You have been in America?"

"Oh, yes; I was there twice. On the first occasion I sang for the Handel and Haydn Society at Boston, and while there signed for a six months' engagement, which came off the next year, and included the appearances of Madame Patey, Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Santley, and myself."

"You have toured elsewhere, I suppose?"

"Dear me, yes. In Germany, Austria, France—in fact, half over Europe, including Italy, where I was a member of the Musical Congress under the presidency of Signor Mercadanti at Naples."

"And how do English artists get on abroad?"

"They are greatly appreciated. They are handicapped, however, a good deal, I fear, by not knowing as many languages as they should."

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. H. R. Haweis has published, through Messrs. Chatto and Windus, two volumes entitled "Travel and Talk," which deal with a hundred thousand miles of journey in the years 1885, 1893, 1895, through America, Australia, Tasmania, Canada, New Zealand, Ceylon, and the paradises of the Pacific. They are characterised by an agreeable egotism. Mr. Haweis does not tell us a great deal about the countries which he visited, but he gives us innumerable particulars about himself, and especially about the reception of his lectures and sermons. These particulars might be summed up in the beautiful words of a gentleman applying for a situation: "I think I may say confidently that the better I am known the more I am loved." It appears that there are occasional prejudices against Mr. Haweis, and that he has small audiences for the first night or two; but his principle is to stick to a place, and he invariably draws crowds after his second appearance. The only objection to his sermons is, apparently, that they put people out of humour with all other sermons, and this greatly lessens the usefulness of the unfortunate clerics who are stationary in the towns over which he shines like a meteor. When he preaches an hour and a quarter people think that they have been listening only a quarter of an hour. This is, I am bound to say, an unusual experience so far as most preachers are concerned. Mr. Haweis gives us some particulars of notabilities—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Walt Whitman, and others. These, on the whole, amount to very little; yet there are so many shrewd and pungent remarks scattered through his pages that they are well worth reading. For example: "Personally, I do not trust any climate nearer than the North of Africa. Biarritz, Nice, even Mentone, are all broken reeds." Mr. Haweis has been seriously put to it to fill these two volumes, and ekes them out with specimens of his discourses. What is less pardonable is that he actually stuffs out the second volume with many pages about his grandfather, Dr. Haweis, the Rector of Aldwinckle, who was the founder of the London Missionary Society. The good doctor's letters are given in full.

Mr. Leland is, indeed, a wonderful person. His books come thick on one another's heels; they are never like anybody else's, and their erudition is of a kind he must go to the ends of the world to learn. It is, indeed, in the very remotest corner of the world, as known to men of letters, that he has searched for the material for his new book, "Mending and Repairing" (Chatto). It fills us first with awe, and then with a strong desire for a workshop and leisure to make terrible concoctions which will cure most household evils and not a few ravages in the domain of art. Not many things are too high for the reach of Mr. Leland's curative fingers and messes, and nothing is too low. He stands ready between you and the mere momentary help of strong language should you have broken your leather strap, knocked your toe through your slipper, or smashed a valued terra-cotta. Your eye can now look contentedly on ugly spotted ivory or on an invisible Old Master. Your boot, your window, the amber mouthpiece or the meerschaum of your pipe, will now be "subjects" for your operative-table. He seems to think any fool can learn these useful arts. This may be doubted, but to give new and mostly innocent outlets to the instinct for meddling is a beneficent thing.

Mr. Ernest Dowson's "Verses," published by Mr. Leonard Smithers, are not very strong food, maybe. Most of them look as if they had been written of the school to which he loosely belongs. I doubt if the charm have much to do with poetry. His technical skill, at least, is not of a high order; and the thought as well as the expression is often rather flat. It proceeds rather from a fastidious and a gentle temperament, which may find yet a completer utterance in prose. These qualities are, however, rare enough anywhere, and marked enough here, to make the book pleasant to read and even to linger over. And now and again the lyrical mood takes possession of him successfully, as in "Vanitas."

Beyond the need of weeping,
Beyond the reach of hands,
May she be quietly sleeping,
In what dim nebulous lands?
Ah, she who understands!

The long, long winter weather,
These many years and days,
Since she and Death together
Left me the wearier ways;
And now these tardy bays!

For once, at once, to meet her,
Drop laurel from tired hands;
Her cypress were the sweeter
In her oblivious lands:
Haply she understands!

A novel which both friends and hard critics of Ireland might read with profit has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan. It is from the pen of Mrs. E. M. Field, known already as a writer, but on a very different theme, "The Child and His Book." Her Irish story, "Denis," will hurt the partisans of neither side in the national controversy, except perhaps so far as, with all its patience and charity, it is a little hopeless. It takes no very high place as a work of art, but, as a study of many different types of Irish persons and of Irish efforts and Irish impossibilities, it must take a very high rank indeed. It is an understanding as well as an amiable book, and gives generous credit to motives whatever be their harvest. But it is deeply melancholy, and over all the efforts of her good people of all persuasions seems written "Vanity of Vanities." The wonder is that there is trace of bitterness.

o. o.



FARMER : Are you aware you 're a trespasser ?

FACETIOUS GENT : Certainly ; and may the Lord forgive us our trespasses and you your sins.

DISCOVERING AN ISLAND.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

We were dreadfully dissipated one night, a winter past, at Hyères of the Palm Trees! We had been playing dominoes at the Café Maison Dorée in a strange company, gifted with stranger language, half-French, half-Italian, a company consisting of the leading tradesfolk of our palm-covered community—advocates, doctors, bagmen, and coachmen of every degree. And we actually arrived at our hotel door as late as ten o'clock at night. Hyères had been asleep for a good hour and a half, and the best hotel in all the little town was asleep also. The lights were out, fitful snoring was heard in all the Continental corridors, and a sleepy porter, cursing the dissipated "Anglîches" in the lodge of the *concierge*, handed to us what they call in France a "little blue."

It was a telegram from a faithful old London friend, dated from Paris: "Shall be passing through Toulon in the morning on way to Monte Carlo. Come and shake hands, and I will tell you what you have missed in London weather. You Truant."

Of course, we agreed to go. It would be a capital outing if only the sun shone as usual; and then we could breakfast in its brilliant rays at the Café du Commerce, on Toulon Quay, when we had despatched our friend to the fever, the fret, the dress, the dinners, the *douze derniers*, and the double zeros of "A Poisoned Paradise." So we instructed the ten o'clock sleepy porter—an even more hopeless imbecile than his prototype in "Macbeth"—to tell the *concierge*, who had gone to bed, to tell the head-waiter, who had also retired to rest, to impress upon the *femme de chambre* that our "little breakfast," bath, and all the accessories, must be ready by half-past seven, as we wanted to catch the early train to Toulon.

In a feeble whisper I suggested, "Could we not drive?" But I was instantly stopped by the Chancellor of the Exchequer—

"No! we had better go by train."

But the sun was high in the heavens, the half-darkened room was flooded with light, when I opened my sleepy eyes and found that the clock was on the point of striking nine. All right. We could easily get to Toulon in a carriage, and catch the Paris express in time to see our friend.

The excuse of the head-waiter, who was reproached for not waking me at cock-crow, made us roar with laughter—

"That fool of a porter must have told me that you wanted to get up earlier—when I was fast asleep. Idiot that he is!"

However, I rejoiced at the change of situation. Whenever I go to a railway station, even on an excursion, it seems as if I were going back again to misery and London—and work! The piles of luggage, the gold-banded commissionnaires, the bustle, the din and confusion, make me sad. Take my advice, when away on a holiday, religiously avoid the railway station, and go off in another direction.

Anyhow, how much better to drive, behind a couple of those brisk little Riviera horses, along a road as hard as iron, between hedges of roses and mimosa, past fields of young artichokes, and groves of sea-silver-grey olives, with the mountains all round you, and the little villages to pass through, and the vine-growers and the oil-makers and the flower-farmers to greet, and the draggle-tailed, untidy peasants to "cap," instead of stuffing up in an overheated train, with probably squalling babes or testy invalids? No trains for me in the Riviera, if I can avoid them. I am all for the road.

We discovered our friend, who had met the sun at Marseilles, and found it full blaze at Toulon. I fear that we spoiled the poor fellow's breakfast, for he had so much to tell us of frozen water-pipes, burst boilers, unbreakable tubs, and arctic sponges, declaring that London was so absolutely unbearable that he had rushed out of it two days sooner than he intended, and that he would have slept at Chatham or Dover, or anywhere in the wide world, sooner than remain another night in the arctic severity of Maida Vale. But the sun soon relieved his depression, and, after we had settled where we were to meet at Nice and Monte Carlo, what flower-battles and confetti-fights we were to attend, what dominoes and dresses we were to bring over for the Carnival, we packed him into the train again, waved our adieux, and bethought ourselves of our own breakfast on the sunny, merry Toulon Quay, which always reminds us, with its crowds, its loafers, its beggars, its soldiers, its sailors, its idlers, of a kind of Franco-Venetian Liverpool. And I saw here, on this occasion, a very extraordinary sight. It was the French "New Woman"—the modern French bicyclist, the Gallic girl of the period, who is not ashamed to sit at a little marble table in the sun outside a café, in knicker-bockers, exposed legs, ungartered stockings, and little Oxford shoes, drinking hot grog! A few months ago, I saw four English girls arrive at a roadside inn at Barnet, put up their cycles outside the palings, and enter the public smoke-room, where they called for quarts of shandy-gaff. But I think they wore divided skirts. At any rate, their legs were not so much in evidence. But the Toulon girls beat them hollow. Round their shoulders were little women's capes, on their heads Tyrol hats, but jutting out from under the table were four pairs of exposed legs, adorned with tight men's breeches and uncovered stockings. It looked as if they were dressed half-way, and had suddenly slipped out of their skirts. You should have seen the Toulon fish-women stare and gird at them, the soldiers and sailors wink at them! You should have heard the remarks passed on them in every conceivable language! But, bless your heart! what did they care? They were half-naked, but not ashamed. No divided skirts or semblance of drapery for them. They had elected to be burlesque boys. And the whole scene, that bright morning, on the Toulon Quay, looked to me like stage burlesque in the sunlight. The

opera-bouffe sailors and soldiers, the assorted crowds and multitudinous costumes, the quay, the shipping, the Masaniello tone of the whole thing, and, finally, the four leg-exposed girls drinking hot grog at a marble table, all looked like burlesque or opera-bouffe. It was strange that they did not burst out into a chorus.

Well, what was to be done? Should we breakfast at our dear old Restaurant du Commerce, which is, perhaps, not quite so good or smart as it used to be? Look! there is a little toy steamer at the edge of the quay, ready to start for the island of Tamaris. I had heard much of this lovely island of Tamaris, with its huge hotels and *pensions*, its wooded heights, its picturesque villas and chalets, the new Mediterranean holiday-ground. But I never knew exactly where it was, or how to get at it, or how it was situated, or who lived there. Everyone said, "Oh, you should go to Tamaris!" To me it was always associated with an island in the West Indies, on account of its name, which so much resembles Tamarinds! Tamaris, to my mind, should be a place full of cockatoos and parrots, where the people were all black and the women wore coloured turbans, and they all worked in the cotton and sugar fields and sang nigger songs and chanted hymns from daybreak to sunset. There was always to me a suggestion of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Legree, and Topsy and Eva, and Eliza and Aunt Chloe, about Tamaris. Whence come these curious associations? I know not. But I do know that Tamaris has nothing to do with the West Indies, or parrots, or guava jelly, but is a sunny island outside the harbour of Toulon in France, and that you can get there from the Toulon Quay in a toy steamer for twopence!

I wished once or twice that the baby-steamer had been a trifle larger, for there was quite a sea outside the fortifications, which are so religiously guarded that no yachts other than French can anchor anywhere under their shadow, and English and American yachtsmen are "politely" requested to stay outside in the roadstead. We rocked about a bit until we got under the shelter of the island, which reminded me of a Sark which had suddenly turned up on the Lake of Lucerne. Yes, there was an obvious Lucerne and Geneva look about the pretty island of Tamaris. We stopped at one or two little dolly-piers, and I imagined I was at Weggis or Fluelen. At last we arrived at Tamaris, and walked through a garden of roses and oranges to a very handsome hotel at the edge of the lake—well, it was the sea, in reality, but it looked so like a blue lake that I could not believe it was the sea. Close to the landing-stage is a handsome café, which was at once marked down for the after-breakfast cigar and *chasse*. But breakfast was the first consideration, and we were as hungry as hunters after the little *trajet de la mer*. And excellent it all was, sitting at a window commanding the flower-garden, the orange-groves, the mimosa-bushes, and the distant hills and white fortifications of Toulon. The hotel at the edge of the sea—which again reminded me of Switzerland—with its annexe, was quite full, and the sun-kissed island teemed with life and gaiety. We lounged in the warm garden, we drove round and about the miniature island, we walked on the sun-promenade, we rested in the sea-front café, and we wondered why so few people in England have ever heard of Tamaris. And then I did what I have so often done before, I marked down Tamaris as a spot to which I should like to retire and get away from the world and write that novel that has never yet been started, and that book of recollections that will extend to ten volumes if I do not start upon it soon. I have done this many a time at Guernsey and Sark, and the Scilly Islands and St. Ives, and Nuwara Ulya, in Ceylon, and at Mr. Lipton's Dambatene tea estate in the same delicious island of spices, and at Honolulu, and at countless other spots. Tamaris is only one more added to the list. I hope I shall go back there one day and enjoy myself as much as I did one winter afternoon not so very long ago. I call some of these my "Insulæ Fortunatæ." They are the Islands of the Blest. Bless you! little Tamaris, near Toulon!

THE MERMAID'S SERENADE.

Come to our home
Beneath the foam,
Our home so fair;
Where red sea-flow'rs,
In deep sea-bow'rs,
Do bud so rare.

There's treasure-trove
In coral grove

Full fathoms deep,
And rich the harvest thou shalt reap
Of shells that songs of ocean keep,
Those songs shall lull thy world-worn soul to sleep.

Come, love, be taught

How mermaids sport

Beneath the sea.

Come, take thy rest

On mermaid's breast,

From sorrow free.

Lay down thy head

In soft sea-bed,

Nor seek to fly

From hills of amber sea-weed high,
Where fairy sea-nymphs love to lie;

Ah! there we'll find sweet rest, love, you and I.

MARK AMBIENT.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



A WOOD NYMPH.—MRS. RAPHAEL.

EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ART NOTES.

Mrs. May Raphael's very charming "Wood Nymph," exhibited at the Royal Academy, and reproduced in these pages this week, gains its attraction from the great ingenuity of the composition and from the contrast between the stiff, twisted forms of the trees, and the lithe, vital, moving human figure of the Nymph. The landscape, too, has a quiet, wooded, shady fascination, with the glimpses of light through the trees and the soft water lying in the distance. Some of Mr. W. H. Longmaid's work has already been reproduced in these pages; this week, companioning Mrs. Raphael's "Wood Nymph," is reproduced Mr. Longmaid's "Eve, after the Fall." The nude figure lies half-recumbent, in an admirably expressive attitude of grief; on the pedestal are inscribed those lovely lines from "Paradise Lost"—

O, fairest of creation, last and best
Of all God's works! . . .
How art thou lost! how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote!

At Messrs. Doulton's famous repositories, which line so much of the Embankment on the Lambeth side of the Thames, there is being shown one of the most interesting exhibitions of the year. It consists to a large extent of a collection of Mr. George Tinworth's noble terracotta panels dealing with Scripture narratives and lessons. It is well known that Mr. Ruskin has for long cordially espoused the cause of this extraordinary artist, whose merits are of the highest order. For Mr. Tinworth has learned one of the most difficult secrets of art—he thoroughly and absolutely understands the medium in which he works, the limitations of the subjects which he chooses, and the essential dignity and imperturbability of Scripture.

Take, for example, the panel "The Song of Miriam"; a stately group of maidens occupy the middle distance, their arms, their heads, the turn of their draperies, uniting to make a peculiarly dignified and flowing combination of sculpturesque harmony. The grouping of the remaining figures is beautiful, not only in itself, but in its relation to the central line; then, to give the note of the whole idea, to express the sentiment, to indicate the character of the scene, Miriam stands, not too prominently, in the centre, bearing above her head the glorious cymbals. Or, take that other group reproduced in this column—"The Finding of Moses." Here you have such casual emotions as interest, wonder, pleasure, and anxiety, expressed with a tranquil confidence, an unerring truthfulness, yet with

no less an unerring sense of restraint and of the due claims of carved material. Mr. Tinworth is assuredly a great artist, whose work possesses rare qualities of power and, above all, beauty of composition.

The exhibition of pictures by Mr. J. J. Shannon, which succeeds that of works by Sir Edward Burne-Jones at the Fine Art Society's rooms, is an extremely attractive and engrossing show. The various canvases are hung with a very judicious sense of place, and it is delightful to find



EVE.—W. H. LONGMAID.

that here Mr. Shannon has preferred to give us the pleasure of seeing work which he has clearly done to please himself rather than to please others. Perhaps, "In the Springtime," a singularly beautiful study of figures in strong, warm sunlight, is the most attractive thing to be seen here; it seems to give something more than Mr. Shannon's customary poetical vision, and something less than his usual alarming cleverness. That cleverness is, however, the chief note of this show. In all the portraits, particularly those of Colonel Lockwood and Josef Hoffmann, the cleverness is merely astounding. Mr. Shannon lifts his brush, as it were, whisks you a surface stroke on the canvas, and—there you are! There is your chiffon, or your ribbon, your curl, your peculiar twist of eyebrow—Mr. Shannon saw it thus, and thus he gives it back to you. Now this is great praise, and everybody who cares for the work of a distinguished English artist should hurry to the Fine Art Society's rooms and see for himself. But this is not to call Mr. Shannon either a Rembrandt or a Velazquez, or even a Carolus-Duran.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours has made an admirable departure in regard to its new exhibition of "Sketches and Studies." If it cannot be said that the individual contributions have increased their average of merit, it is to the credit of all concerned in the arrangement of the show that such merit as it has is now clearly and neatly indicated by a most judicious method of hanging. Of old you entered the galleries and you saw wall after wall literally covered with pictures that jostled one another sadly; it was exactly one's idea of a Chinese wall, which fond tradition asserts is often papered with foreign postage-stamps of every age, clime, and nationality. This year, however, the panel system of hanging, already well known at the Champ de Mars Salon, has been adopted at the Institute with instant and gratifying success.

That system, which again was recently used at the Fine Art Society's in its "Panel Show," is to group the contributions of each separate artist into a panel, separating panel from panel by reasonable distances. Thus, in two galleries of the Institute this scheme is successfully carried out, while in the central gallery all the sketches are hung upon the line, for there is but one line reserved upon which to hang them. Among work to-be noticed here are the architectural studies of Mr. Fulleylove, whose care and trouble are amply rewarded by the significant results which he attains, particularly, for example, in a classic study of Athens. Mr. Aumonier, again, in his landscapes, shows once more that he is, as he has always been, an artist of thorough sincerity and singleness of aim. Mr. R. Nisbet, who knows how to paint atmosphere and to set down that which he sees, if at times he sees somewhat the prosier side of landscape, has here some of his most excellent work, the best example undoubtedly being "Clearing Up after Rain."

Mere mention, for the rest, must be made of other artists who distinguish the exhibition. Miss Gow has a clever "Portrait-Sketch"; Mr. T. Austen Brown, Mr. Cotman, Mr. Edwin Hayes, Mr. Hamilton Macallum, and others make the show the cleverer and more engrossing for contributions of a distinct merit. It would, perhaps, be rash to say that this is the Institute's best collection for many years.



THE FINDING OF MOSES.—G. TINWORTH.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Cannot some firm of makers of aluminium goods design an aluminium outfit for tourists on wheels? Now that cyclists on tour fully realise the advantage of carrying as light a kit as possible, such an outfit would command a large sale. A small brush and comb, a tooth-brush, a razor and strop, and a few other "toilet requisites," made partly of this



FINAL OF QUARTER-MILE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.
Photo by Huxtable Brothers.

featherweight metal, and stowed away compactly in a neat mackintosh hold-all attached to the handle-bar, would prove extremely serviceable. The lady's hold-all might contain a pair of aluminium crimpers.

Certain members of the clergy are waxing "exceeding wroth" on the subject of cyclists. One distinguished ecclesiastic, lately denouncing "women in knickerbockers," declared that these unsexed creatures were turning the Park into a modern Vanity Fair. Another, adopting the schoolboy style of logic, which proves that a shilling is better than Heaven, because a shilling is better than nothing, and nothing is better than Heaven, maintains, on the authority of Luke, that, because "that which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of the Lord," the modern bicycle is now nothing less than abominable. But, apparently, this abomination has come to stay.

The Catford Club's cash prize meeting attracted about 4000 spectators. Much interest attached to the multi-cycle race. I give a photo of one of the teams.

You can tell the age of a bicycle by its teeth. The statement may at first sound absurd; nevertheless, it is true. Any practical mechanic who understands his business can ascertain the age of a bicycle or tricycle ridden regularly merely by examining the teeth of the bracket-chain wheel—ascertain the age, that is to say, to within six or eight months of the time when the machine began to be ridden regularly.

The chief attraction at the Championship Cycle Sports held at Newport lately was, of course, the famous Russian rider Diakoff, who, after his victory in the five-mile amateur championship race, received almost an ovation. In spite of the nature of the "British dirt" course, he covered the last half-mile in 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Influenza has now given place to cyclomania, and a great number of Government officials have been attacked by the prevailing epidemic.

The entrances to the Foreign Office, the Local Government Board, and the India Office are continually crowded with wheels, while many members of the House of Commons are frequently to be seen riding their machines to Westminster.

I hear that Mr. Balfour has recently received a present of a beautiful bicycle of Columbian make. It contains all the latest and most ingenious improvements, and, being composed principally of aluminium, it is extremely light. The weight is only 18 lb. For several years the annual Parliamentary Golf Tournament has been a feature of the season, and now we may expect shortly to hear of bicycle-races confined to members of the Legislature.

It seems that our American sisters are striving to combine instruction with amusement. I understand from an American newspaper that bicycling-readings are to be a favourite pastime this summer, and that girls are already forming history, botany, and French clubs. A certain day of the week has been selected for club-readings. The members are to meet at a stated place and time, and every member must come with a package swinging from the bicycle-handle. The package must contain a book, as well as a share of the lunch. The girls' plan is, to ride into the country, and there, under the grateful shade of a tree, or by the banks of a purling brooklet, study for an hour or so, with the high and noble object of improving their minds.

There is no doubt but that really smart women are deserting the Park and taking their exercise elsewhere, and that leaders of fashion do not attend Cycle Parade as formerly, though certainly a little while ago I saw Lord Kensington's daughters looking exceedingly smart in black diagonal cloth tailor-made gowns, and white sailor hats trimmed with black and white tulle and wings to match. I also noticed the familiar form of Mr. Bancroft among the throng, and a certain well-known lady rider who carries about her little dog in a basket attached to one of the handles of her machine—rather a dangerous position for her small companion; but what will we not do for notoriety?

Among the principal frequenters of Battersea Park lately have been the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Henry Churchill, Lady Russell, Lord Ronald Gower, and Mr. Richard Chamberlain.

Incredulous readers have refused to believe my statements made lately to the effect that novices have been known to squeeze paraffin into their tyres, pour salad-oil into their ball-bearings, and talk about "blowing out the spokes." Yet only this week a young lady asks me "whether anybody does really lick the tyres in order to find a puncture, as the directions in the repair-outfit box recommend?"



A MULTI-CYCLE RACE.
Photo by Thiele and Co., Chancery Lane.

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES.

A representative of *The Sketch* called upon Mr. Robert Bridges at his office in the Scribner Building, on Fifth Avenue, New York, to ask him why he was himself—in other words, why he was Robert Bridges, and not Thomas or John Bridges. He reminded him that Robert Bridges was the name of a distinguished English poet, whose friends and the English public, such of it as read poetry, objected to an American and a writer bearing the same name. Mr. Bridges, who is a most amiable young man, said that he was very sorry, but that it was not his fault; he was born that way. His family name was Bridges, and he was baptised Robert. If he had been consulted at the time of his baptism, and could have



MR. ROBERT BRIDGES.

Photo by Garber, New York.

foreseen the confusion that would arise, nothing would have induced him to take the name of Robert. But, unfortunately, his parents selected the name, and gave it to him in baptism without saying a word to him about it. That is a way that parents have on such occasions.

"You will notice," said Mr. Bridges, "that I write comparatively little poetry, so no one can with truth call me 'Bridges the poet.' I confine my writing principally to prose; and, furthermore, each book that I have written has my pen-name as well as my own name on it." This is admitted, and it may be added that he is as well known here by the name of "Droch" as by that of Bridges.

Mr. Robert Bridges was born in Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, of Scotch parentage. Both of his parents loved books, and his mother was determined that he should be a writer. He was sent to Princeton, and graduated from the College of New Jersey. For a year after leaving college he remained at home reading and otherwise preparing himself for his chosen profession. At the end of that time, May 1880, he did what so many men have done in this country by way of training as well as from necessity—he became a reporter on a provincial newspaper. After getting all the experiences that could be crowded into a year, he came to New York to accept the position of assistant news-editor of the *Evening Post*. While on the *Post* he became book-reviewer for *Life*, the American *Punch*, and it was in that capacity that he became known as "Droch." In 1887 he accepted the position of assistant editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, which he still holds. Mr. Bridges has published but two books, "Overheard in Aready" and "Suppressed Chapters," and his pen-name, "Droch," has appeared conspicuously on the title-page and cover of both of them. From this it will be seen that Mr. Bridges has no intention to deceive. He has the greatest admiration for the lyrics of Mr. Robert Bridges of England, and would do anything in his power to prevent confusion—indeed, he does all that could be reasonably expected of him. If he were a woman, the difficulty would be easily remedied; but, as he is only a man, no matter how many times he marries he cannot change his name. Mr. Bridges lives in a den of bachelors in the *Life* Building, a handsome edifice, the second floor of which is occupied by the offices of *Life*.

THE MODERN WIZARD.*

There are few studies more entertaining, few indeed more profoundly interesting, than that of modern conjuring and its descent from the magic of ancient times and the witchcraft of the Dark Ages. Not that *soi-disant* genuine magic and mystery have ever to this day died out of the land under one name or another; for human credulity and extra-human knowledge are unfathomed and unfathomable.

That Mr. Bertram should write a book at all upon the subject is a sign of the prestidigitatorial times. Not that he is the first, by any means, of professional authors on magic. Breslau, Compte, Houdin, and others have, so to speak, invited the public on to their stage, allowed them to examine their secret pockets, to handle their *servante* at the back of their table, to finger the traps in its surface, to pull the strings of its "pistons," to touch their apparatus-tricks and see how exactly they work, and to press their electrical buttons and watch the half-crowns fall into the crystal casket overhead. They have shown all these things and more—how every principle of sleight-of-hand is performed, how a card may be torn up and made whole again, how to perform the three-card trick so perfectly that the operator himself cannot detect which is the winning card.

For the public who care to read there have been few conjuring secrets for a century past and more. But these books were all published at the close of their authors' public career. Other books had been published, it is true, but by clever amateurs, from Neve and Ady to Hoffmann and Sachs. These had no particular interest in keeping the secrets of their hobby hidden from the eyes and ears of the profane. On the contrary, they were so proud of their knowledge that, innocent of all sense of responsibility, they lightly put forth before all who cared for the art a full, true, and complete account of all the miracles that fingers, science, and sheer impudence had built up into the ancient, universal, fascinating art of White Magic.

But here is Mr. Bertram, perhaps at present the most popular exponent of his art in England, calmly setting forth the secrets of all his best tricks. No longer need you start when the "Vanishing Lady" melts away with instantaneous suddenness, and the very shawl that covered her disappears as well. No longer will you wonder how a whole audience seems unwittingly to have conspired to produce an arithmetical sum that shall amount to "Twenty-seven," and the figures mysteriously appear on clean paper in a sealed envelope, carefully concealed in a spectator's inner pocket. No longer will there be any secret in the blind-folded conjurer, when a card has been chosen, and the whole pack spread out and mixed upon the table, dashing a penknife at random through the centre of the secretly selected card; no more shall the sportsman be lured on to betting on the three-card trick, or lose his money over the purse-trick, though it must be admitted, on Mr. Bertram's own authority and testimony, that no knowledge of "how it's done" will guarantee seeing "how it's done." Never again will you be astonished at a run of luck at a doubtful card-club, nor be unsuspecting when the dealer drops his cigar, picks up his handkerchief, blows his nose, handles the pack, or other seemingly innocent, natural, and necessary movements or actions, any or all of which are of sinister intent and presage ruinous consequence. For the sharper is own brother, or half-brother rather, of the conjurer, gone sadly wrong, prostituting his ability and his art from a profession in which he could make fame and money as much as in the career in which not the sword of Damocles, but the truncheon of the Gentleman in Blue, is always hovering over him, ready to fall.

These things, or many of them, Mr. Bertram tells, or hints at, with unaffected *bonhomie*—a *bonhomie*, it must be owned, that excuses in some measure a strange poverty of literary style and a swarm of literary blunders. But, at least, he is sincere and ingenuous in the telling of his story, and his record of his reminiscences reflect, perhaps even more accurately than he is aware, the status of the modern wizard, and the unballasted condition of conjuring as a profession or craft. He never knows when he is to be called to perform before prince or pauper; Mr. Bertram performs before either with equal equanimity, and is always ready to snatch up a bag of tricks and dress in the train as he steams along to his destination. He never knows when he is going to fail, whether through any fault in his own apparatus or in the unfair intercession of a member of the audience who fancies that, because he knows something about conjuring too, he is licensed to spoil the effect of the conjurer's tricks. He is at the beck and call of secretaries of institutions, of patronising parsons and provincial jacks-in-office; and, if he be a man of sensitiveness and refinement, he is apt to find his life's cushion an uncomfortable one to sit upon.

Then there is the drudgery of practice, tedious and long, even in the case of the most accomplished magician, before a new trick can be produced; drudgery as long and more weary still in the preparation for each separate performance; the anxiety, the journeyings to and fro, the competition of rivals, and jealousy often effective and nearly as often treacherous as well. Such are some among the drawbacks of a career which is usually, in the nature of things, precarious, and in which but a slight accident may bring about infinite annoyance, and even tragedy. You think I exaggerate? Study the history of the art and see for yourself the pathos and the misery that have dogged the steps of many a wonder-worker among the most illustrious of them; consult the chronicles of the coroners' and the magistrates' courts; and extract the list of fatal issues of "the celebrated gun trick" alone.

N. K.

* "Isn't it Wonderful? A History of Magic and Mystery." By Charles Bertram, Conjurer, together with his Reminiscences. With numerous Illustrations. London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The cricket, and even the general sporting world, has been stirred to its depths by the question of the qualification in an England team of K. S. Ranjitsinhji. The famous Sussex amateur was found guilty of not being born in England, and so the selecting committee of the M.C.C. decided to leave him out in the match just played with the Australians at Lord's.

There has been, of course, a great deal of discussion consequent on this dictum. If, as I believe will be the case, the committee of the



HERNE BAY GOLF CLUBHOUSE.
Photo by J. Craig, Herne Bay.

Surrey County Cricket Club elect Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji to their England team, we are likely to have this controversy increased to an alarming extent. Nobody can object on this account. It is high time some sort of qualification were agreed upon, a qualification which would thoroughly settle the matter once and for all.

From my own point of view, Ranjitsinhji should be included in the England team. He was not, it is true, born in England, but, seeing that they have no cricket in the sunny country whence he came, and that Ranjitsinhji is to all intents and purposes now an English cricketer, it is, taking his own side of the question, a great hardship that he should be debarred from taking part in the greatest matches of the year. Ranjitsinhji is, of course, one of the leading batsmen of the age, but it is not entirely a question of ability here. It is the principle of the thing which must be thought about, for, as sure as fate, otherwise we will go on wrangling till the end of the chapter.

Form changes so quickly in cricket that it is undoubtedly dangerous to speak so early, but I can't resist the temptation to say a few words on the prospects of the second of the test-games. This occurs on the 16th inst., at Manchester, and although much will depend on the state of the wicket, it is not likely that there will be many alterations from the side which won at Lord's. Mr. Grace, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Stoddart, and Abel are certainties whatever form they may be in, but I am not certain whether Lilley will be given his place behind the wicket. At the outset I suggested that Lilley, Mr. McGregor, and Storer should get a cap each, but now, as Lilley did not altogether cover himself with glory at Lord's, I would like to see him given a chance of re-establishing himself. Richardson and Hearne should be played again, but Ward, Peel, Mold, and others who are just coming into form may dispute the other places with Brown, Gunn, and Lohmann.

Meanwhile, let us turn to next week's cricket. To-morrow (Thursday) we have a fairly easy day, for, apart from the 'Varsity fight at Lord's, there are only Yorkshire v. Derbyshire and the North of England and Australia on the card. Of these, Yorkshire and the North should win, but as to the chances in the Battle of the Blues I would be discreetly silent. The fact is that I am not at all certain as to whether Oxford is better than Cambridge, or *vice versa*. On one point I am quite assured, and that is that both are very much above the average this season in all departments of the game. Perhaps everything will depend upon the winning of the toss, and I have a lingering suspicion that Mr. Jessop will just about help the Light Blues to repeat last year's victory.

On Monday the Players play the Gentlemen at the Oval—a pleasant match this, which the Gentlemen ought to win. The sides, however, will not be fully representative, for simultaneously Kent play Sussex at Hastings, Leicester go to Derbyshire, Lancashire to Notts, and Warwickshire to Yorkshire, while Hampshire will be at home to the Australians. Interest in the County Championship competition is now all the keener as the result of Surrey's first defeat at the hands of Lancashire, and the sudden advancement of the County Palatine.

GOLF.

Golf clubs continue to spring up along the coast. No seaside resort is considered complete without them nowadays. The ladies of the family as well as the gentlemen take down their drivers, their cleeks, and their putters. Herne Bay is in the fashion. A golf course was laid out there a year ago, and a pretty pavilion for players and visitors was opened with due ceremony on a recent Saturday. The course is situated on the other side of the railway from the town. It is a rising piece of ground, from which a charming view of land and sea is commanded. The enterprise was inaugurated by a company of which Dr. E. C. Fenoulhet, C.C., is chairman, and there is now a promising young club, with Dr. C. K. Bowes as captain, and Mr. F. Kearsey Laver as secretary. The "links" have been described by Ramsay Hunter, the Sandwich professional, who laid them out, as "a very good sporting inland course." And so they are. Of course, they don't compete with a place like Furzedown, but the best advantage has been taken of the ground. Although consisting of only nine holes, it provides plenty of obstacles, with trees and hedges, ditches and ponds, long grass and artificial bunkers. W. Heath, the local professional, has gone twice round—that is, has done eighteen holes—in seventy-three. The first hundred members were admitted without entrance-fee, and it is interesting to note that they included forty-three ladies. Several players have since joined the club on payment of a fee of two guineas. Many of the local people threw cold water for a time on the scheme, and were shocked by the idea of Sunday playing. Sermons were preached on the subject from various pulpits, perhaps not without effect on the committee, for a compromise was adopted, under which players on Sunday were deprived of the advantage of caddies



THE HERNE BAY GOLF COURSE.
Photo by J. Craig, Herne Bay.

or flags. They might take their clubs on that day, and go round as they pleased without the ordinary aids. That is a compromise which has been tried elsewhere, but in course of time the prohibition of caddies is usually dropped. Meantime the game at Herne Bay receives encouragement from influential residents and visitors, handsome prizes being given by, among other gentlemen, Mr. Mason, Mr. Chapman (the president), Sir A. Altman, and Lieutenant Rooper, R.N. But even the captain does not seem to appreciate the venerable age of the game. He told the luncheon-party at the opening of the gay pavilion that golf was a century old. One century, forsooth! Why, it was so popular in Scotland more than four centuries ago that the old Scots Parliament tried to put it down, in the interests of archery. And in 1503 we find in the Royal Accounts of Scotland an entry of £2 2s. "for the King to play at the golf with the Earl of Bothwell."

THE SCOTTISH GATHERING.

The "Sassenach boddies" who pay rates and go to sleep in the pleasant suburb of Fulham were aroused on the forenoon of Saturday (June 20) by a wild, weird wailing that speedily developed into a storm of ferocious melody; but the effect, though startling, was not so productive of alarm as might have been expected. A staid, average householder explained to me, with a tolerant smile that urged an intimate



THE SCOTTISH GATHERING AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

acquaintance with the refinements of the higher civilisation, "We've had this sort of thing in the Stamford Bridge grounds before, and are used to it." This sort of thing, indeed!—the Seventeenth Annual Scottish Gathering! The sons of the suburb, gay, giddy dogs ever in search of some novel sensation wherein terror is mingled with mystery, waited impatiently till afternoon, and then, in company with their sisters, cousins, and occasionally their sweethearts, hastened to the grounds, leavening the Caledonian host and bringing the attendance up to the respectable total of 3000. The day was extremely fine, with gentle breezes that fluttered the ribbons and sleeves of the summer girl, and cooled the fevered brow of many a fierce plaided warrior from Edinburgh and the "Sautmarket," who had temporarily exchanged his native "plainstanes" for the Grand Stand. The contests, when it came to bagpipe playing and dancing, were exciting. G. S. McLennan, an Edinburgh youth whose breast is already covered with medals, carried off all the prizes in the amateur playing division, and the dancing of A. Macdonald and Matheson of the 1st Royal Scots was, to quote from the reporter's lexicon, "much admired." The other sports included cycling (various), putting the stone, tossing the caber, and throwing the hammer. The prizes were distributed by the Duchess of Buccleuch. The gathering was most successful, and as a result a substantial sum will be handed over to Scottish charities in the Metropolis.

AQUATICS.

In the brief time they have been over here the Yale crew have already made themselves popular with rowing people. Comparisons are, of course, at all times odious, but one instinctively thinks of the Cornell crew which visited us last year and who brought with them so much that was unpleasant. So far as I have seen, the Yale crew are gentlemen and sportsmen—men who will take victory at Henley with modesty or suffer defeat without ill-will. The crew is using a paper boat, with swivel rowlocks and fixed iron shoes.

The most formidable rivals to the Yale boat will be Trinity Hall (Cambridge), New College (Oxford), and Leander. The Leander is considered strongest of all, more especially as H. G. Gold, this year's stroke in the Oxford eight, has been left clear for the Leander by the decision of Magdalen not to row.

There is another foreign entry in the Thames Cup, this being the Société d'Encouragement du Sport Nautique, and they have a very good chance of capturing the prize. This week practice on the course has

been proceeding right merrily. Entries closed last Thursday, and the Committee reserve to themselves the right of holding preliminary heats on Monday next.

LAWN-TENNIS.

It is to be hoped that the success of Cambridge over Oxford in lawn-tennis will not be repeated to such an overwhelming extent in the cricket match at Lord's which begins to-morrow. Enough to say that Cambridge won the Singles by nine matches to love, or 18 sets to 1. The brothers Doherty were in brilliant form for the Light Blues, and the only set won by Oxford was the result of some fine play by E. M. Jones. In the Doubles Cambridge again routed their rivals by winning nine matches to love—18 sets to 2, and 135 games to 69. Probably the Light Blues were never stronger, or, for that matter, the Dark Blues never weaker, than in this season.

In the Northern Championships the Ladies' Singles rather unexpectedly fell to Miss Martin, the holder of the Cup, who beat Mrs. Hillyard, wife of the Leicestershire cricketer, himself a fine player. W. Baddeley, the holder of the Cup and ex-Champion of England, rather easily defeated H. S. Mahony in the Challenge Round for the Gentlemen's Singles. In the Gentlemen's Doubles the brothers Baddeley conquered the challengers, G. W. Hillyard and C. H. Cazalet, with quite unexpected ease.

In the Championship round of the Kent All-Comers' Singles Mr. F. Goodbody defeated the veteran H. S. Barlow, while Miss E. M. Austin for the third time in succession won the Ladies' Championship Singles.

Miss Katie Nunneley, the young English girl who recently won the Ladies' Lawn-Tennis Championship of New Zealand, and whose portrait was published in these pages, has been representing them at the big Intercolonial Tournament at Sydney, and has again met with brilliant success there. She easily defeated the lady champions both of New South Wales and of Victoria, and all the crack lady players of Australia, even though she granted them large concessions. Miss Nunneley now holds, therefore, the Cups for New Zealand, Victoria, and New South Wales, a unique position and one which makes her Lady Champion for the whole of Australasia.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The great event of the week at Newmarket will be the race for the Princess of Wales's Stakes, and John Porter will be able by the aid of Regret to throw down the gauntlet to the big classic performers St. Frusquin and Persimmon. I am told the Kingslere colt has come on wonderfully of late, and I believe the Ascot running of his stable companions makes his true form out to be good; but I think he will be beaten by Persimmon, who is a horse and a half in the matter of stride and action. It would be gratifying to the Prince of Wales to win the race in question, and I firmly believe we shall see the royal colours to the fore on Thursday.

Lord Rosebery owns a good two-year-old in Velasquez, who is pretty certain to be the winter favourite for the Derby of 1897, and it is just on the cards that the ex-Premier will once more win the race. It may be mentioned that the Prince of Wales named five youngsters for next year's Derby; but he paid forfeit for three, and his Royal Highness will be represented with Oakdene and Farrant, the latter a colt by Donovan out of Perdita II. In the same race the Duke of Portland can run six horses, three of which between them bear the uncommon names of Don't, No-thank-you, and Do. Strange to say, history teaches that horses bearing peculiar names do not win the Blue Riband of the Turf.

As the Prince of Wales is to visit Stockbridge next week, Tom Cannon, who is Clerk of the Course, must provide for a record attendance. Royalty does not often favour the Danebury fixture, and the event will, no doubt, be made the most of by the local families. Tom Cannon always keeps open house for the meeting, and a feature of the race-evenings is the performance by the Cannon orchestra, the trainer's children being all good musicians. The Duke of Beaufort, Lord Alington, and Sir F. Johnstone have for many years patronised the fixture; but his Grace of Badminton has now given up the Sport of Kings for good, and his cheery face will be missed next week.

The Paris *mutuel* takes as well as ever at French race-meetings, but it is not a form of gambling that is ever likely to become popular in England, as our racegoers bet to figures, and one of their greatest pleasures is in being able to get the best of the market. Invariably, when a professional backer misses his price, he declines to have a bet at all, and it is one of the remarkable things connected with English racing that backers and bookmakers work so close to figures. True, in the small rings pinched prices are the fate of little backers, although, thanks to the tie-tac gentlemen, matters in this respect have mended of late.

Everyone who goes racing has read John Porter's book with much interest, and "Kingslere" is likely to be referred to by sporting writers for many years to come, as the author knows more than most of us about racehorses and their doings. It seems "bookmaking" is becoming fashionable among racegoers, as I now hear that Mr. Martin Cobbett, who, as a sporting journalist, has had a world-wide experience, is about to tell us all about it in "On the March," to be issued shortly. It may amuse horsey men to learn that Mr. Cobbett and myself were the respective cricket editors of the rival sporting dailies many years ago. We both drifted into racing, why I could never quite make out.

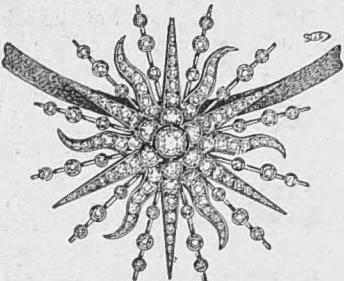
OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS, FINERY, AND FURNITURE.

The Sandown Meeting that follows Ascot is always a great occasion for the display of smart race-gowns, and last week's Thursday and Friday fully bore out these much-trimmed traditions. The lawn was, in fact, a



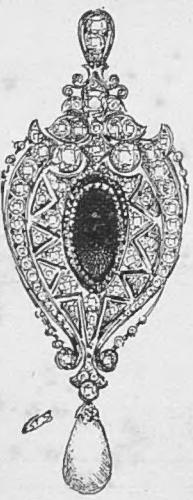
RUBY AND DIAMOND BROOCH.



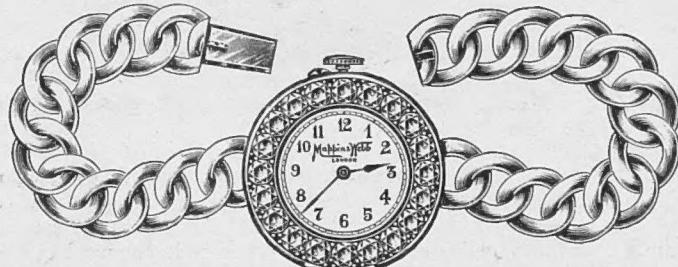
A HAIR ORNAMENT.



PEARL AND ENAMEL CHAIN.



DIAMOND AND SAPPHIRE PEARL PENDANT.



DIAMOND WATCH BRACELET.

NEW JEWELLERY AT MAPPIN AND WEBB'S.

feast of good things, from the millinery aspect, and one's eye roved distractedly perforce from one achievement in chiffons to another. White muslin, unutterably glorified in its details, seems to play first fiddle in the chorus of costumes this season, and for dresses of this innocent-looking material the most alarming prices have been paid when good names are writ large on the waistband.

One of the best-dressed girls at Saturday's Hurlingham wore a positive poem in white muslin, which was embroidered in satin-stitch spots over a transparency of lemon-yellow taffetas. The skirt, made with gathers at the waist, was trimmed at bottom with an accordion-pleated flounce of insertion, and Mechlin of yellowish tint. The bodice, made in blouse fashion, was gathered fully in front. An accordion-pleated cape, crossed like a fichu, was fastened with a sweet-smelling knot of pale yellow carnations. A wide neck-ribbon, shot white and yellow, showed underneath a dainty fall of lace and muslin. The waistband to match was cleverly arranged rather wide in front to form a point, finishing at the back in ends and a bow.

Another delicious frock was a harmony of lettuce-green silk under ivory mousseline de soie, with touches of black at neck, wrist, and front of bodice—"Caviare and cucumber," as a flippant man with an imagination labelled it, and the summing-up was really not too bad. Men, by the way, it may be added, have a much quicker sense of dress than we always credit them with.

It has struck me so much at all these out-of-door gatherings this season that women seem to affect an increasing quantity of jewellery for afternoon wear. Chains, bangles, charms without end, now give

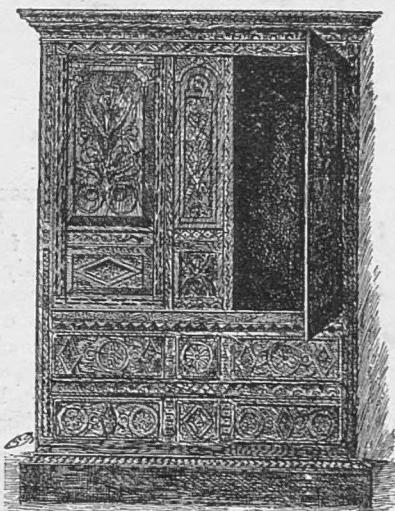
the finish to our *plain-air* war-paint, which fashion would by no means have countenanced four or five years back, when it was the mode to consider such dainty trifles vulgar. Now our weathercock fancy points the other way, and we go in largely for such decorative detail, much to our own satisfaction, and, no doubt, the jeweller's.

Probably following this movement, I notice that Mappin and Webb have inaugurated a departure in their Oxford Street and Queen Victoria Street shops by opening a department for the sale of watches and jewellery. Bearing a name which in itself is a guarantee of excellence, this movement will doubtless have a large following; and those who before knew Mappin and Webb for their justly high character as silversmiths will feel satisfied that in dealing with gold and gems the same high quality and honest values will be preserved by this old and widely reputed firm. From the great extent of their transactions Mappin and Webb are naturally able to sell at a lower rate than jewellers in "smaller practice" would be, and this is very noticeable in the new department for watches, reliable English time-keepers in neat or ornate silver cases being available from a modest four guineas upwards; while, from ten guineas, gold watches of the best English workmanship are shown in endless variety. A revival of the slim Empire watches which decorated the fobs of our forebears will be a welcomed innovation for evening wear by the perpetually dining-out and dancing young man. In gold or gunmetal they are equally attractive, and, being about half the thickness of an ordinary hunter, distinctly supply the "long-felt want" of evening-waistcoats. A pretty corsage time-keeper called the "Glory" watch is one of the many fanciful and inexpensive designs which lie in Mappin and Webb's show-cases, while the display of jewels ranges variously from thousand-guinea tiaras and ceintures to the humble, necessary half-hoop of happy lovers. A pendant of particularly splendid brilliants with sapphire centre is here reproduced as evidence of the fine things visible at Mappin and Webb's, as also a star of dazzling whiteness, which can be worn as a bodice ornament or brooch besides its original intention of adorning the forehead of some fair woman. A lovely Louis Quinze buckle and a brooch in the more ornate period of his royal predecessor are shown. Long chains for quizzing-glass, fan, or *pince-nez*, in enamels of sorts, studded with pearls or rubies; dainty be-diamonded studs; heart-shaped brooches in enamel and brilliants—everything, in short, to tempt the luxurious heart of woman or the generous impulses of another gender are set forth in charming array, and at figures appreciably more modest than one could have expected, judging from the expensive standpoint of former experience elsewhere.

Nowadays, when girls marry, their friends unto the fourth generation are constrained by custom to send congratulatory gifts; and it is quite extraordinary to notice in what grooves the taste of our acquaintances seem to run on such occasions. I was the more impressed with this state of things when going through Hewetson's wonderful collection of oak and Chippendale furniture some days since with a young couple who had started life a month before with several chests of contributory silver which they would gladly have exchanged, were it possible, for some of the solid facts in carved mahogany or walnut spread temptingly around. Among much that charmed my fancy at Hewetson's were some quaint oaken Welsh dressers now replacing the sideboard of our familiar regards in many artistic dining-rooms.



REPRODUCTION OF A QUEEN ANNE CHAIR AT HEWETSON'S.



OLD OAK HALL PRESS AT HEWETSON'S.

Those central shelves for the display of pet plates and dishes—blue for choice—always appeal to me inexpressibly; it is such a decorative tradition. Also at Hewetson's, which is, in fact, a vast storehouse of oaken treasure-trove picked up in every imaginable corner of the earth, I came on finely carved old Northumbrian presses, which are now used for halls, and a vast improvement, too, on the ordinary ugly hall-rack, as they enclose unsightly coats, hats, and rugs, and present a handsome surface of carving instead to passers-by. One is shown here which has a false drawer to let down when hanging up coats, &c.

Another illustration shows one more version of the comfortable Queen Anne chair so affected by our draught-fearing grandfathers. It is a genuine reproduction, well upholstered in fine tapestry and quite moderate in price. How much more welcome such a wedding-present would be than the fifteenth pair of sleeve-links, *par exemple!* A cunning little boudoir bureau which, like Goldsmith's immortal bedstead, contrives a double debt to pay, would also make a most useful present. At one side a writing-table, complete in all details, is disclosed; the other side forms a well-planned china-cabinet. Underneath, one's favourite books find shelter on three solid shelves, and the whole contrivance when shut takes up so little space that it might find room in the smallest feminine sanctum, added to which the price of this dainty bureau is only 5½ guineas. Naturally, these articles I mention are but a few picked at random out of a particularly choice and large collection. At Hewetsons' there will be found styles in furniture to suit all tastes and purses, and those with a feeling for carved oak will here, of all places, find its best periods worthily reproduced and represented, from Jacobean flat carving back to the twisted pilasters of Henry II. or the gorgeous renaissance of the Cinque Cento. From "the oak and the ash" to such small things as mere bamboo I am constrained to turn in mentioning a house-boat now in process of furnishing for an American millionaire, in which every article has a Japanese flavour, being either of teak or bamboo glorified with fine lacquer. The dining-room is sealing-wax red and gold, the drawing-room riot in ivory dragons and pale-hued embroideries—even the cook is a *cordon bleu* from Tokio—and during Henley week the menus

which rows of fine Tuscan straw are sewn closely. A posy of pink roses in various shades surrounds a white aigrette, another bunch resting on the hair behind. Soft frillings of corn-coloured tulle are sewn under the brim, and puffings of the same soft material appear twisted deftly about the crown. A glorified specimen of the early Victorian drooped brim comes next. Four ivory-coloured feathers stand up in front of a Leghorn shape, around which two rouleaux of black velvet are sewn. A cloudy bow of tulle is fastened with a pearl and diamond buckle at the back, roses pink and white making linked sweetness as a cache-peigne. The third hat, in contrast to the rest, is plain black, but built with so much style that it looks as smart as the most gaily coloured of them all. At one side of the high, narrow crown a well-tied bow of ribbon is arranged, and at the other a group of rich black plumes, underneath the brim a ruching of fine lace giving a becoming finish.

Several new editions in the latest style of bonnets were also in acceptable evidence at Argentine's, an especially becoming style being rendered in corn-coloured embroidered lisso, with a bunch of cherries at one side and three palest green roses nestling over the hair on another. An apparently simple dark-green straw, with a blue and green Paradise-plume and loopings of gauze, was arranged with that style noticeable in all millinery that comes from Madame Argentine. As with all other arts, it is not so much the material employed as the heaven-born genius of its arrangement, and there is the *cachet* which can never be reached by second-rate artists about Argentine's simplest achievements.

Lady Ilchester's garden-party at historic Holland House on Friday was also an occasion for the display of millinery triumphs, largely availed



[Copyright.]

are to be printed on Cloisonnée shields, which each guest will be expected to retain. The transatlantic method of party-giving certainly has its recommendations.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

GIPSY.—You will find announcements of some Summer Sale advertisements on page e at end of the paper.

CHIEFLY ABOUT HATS.

The crowning glory of woman at the moment is less her hair than her hat, be the former never so well *ondulé*. Garden-parties, race-meetings, country club functions are the first features of these busy season afternoons, at which costumes miraculously smart are sported by rival fair. Our muslins and chiné silks and grass-lawns, while certainly making most picturesque effect, are outdone by the season's taste in millinery, and it is long since headgear deserved so well of the chronicler as now. At Sandown last week chiffons suffered a temporary eclipse because of Thursday's moody looks. But Friday came with sunshine in both hands, and the lawn was a feast of fine form and colour. The large white chip or satin straw chapeau, with nodding plumes and vaporous clouds of tulle, was in ever-recurring evidence; so, too, the jaunty form of toque which we adopt at present. Miss Julia Neilson's millinery effects were very striking, and "Mr. Jersey" wore her gowns as daintily as usual. Lady James Douglas had a coachful of guests, Captain Speer, of Sandown Lodge, another. Sir James Miller and Colonel Allan Maclean were guests on a third, where I also noticed a pretty girl in a frock of white mouseline de soie, wearing a distracting hat of blue straw, trimmed with purple gauze and feathers shot both colours.

Madame Argentine, of 55, Bond Street, who is rapidly making herself known as one of the best milliners in town, accounted for many of the masterpieces shown at last week's meeting. There is both originality and style in her creations, and I have had sketched for this week's article three new hats which for *chic* and that other indispensable quality of "becomingness" would be difficult to match. One is a model of the ubiquitous jam-pot crown adapted to a toque of white satin, on

of by the numerous gay company present. Lady Gwendolen Cecil, who with Lady Salisbury assisted Lady Ilchester to receive her guests, was dressed prettily in white, with a large plumed picture-hat to crown her costume. Painted muslins over white or other pale-coloured chiné silks were plentifully present, and it was very noticeable in this large and fashionable gathering how completely the floral hat has given way to the much-affected feathered tribe. A feature of the afternoon's programme was the Park Sisters quartette, who, mounted in picturesque evidence on the tower, woke the afternoon echoes with their silver trumpets. Lady Maud Wilbraham wore white muslin over a transparency of pale green, and had lilies and orchids in her picture-hat. Hon. Diana Selater-Booth, Lady Hilda Finch, and Miss Hilda Stanley were also conspicuously smart.

At Hurlingham on Saturday a sufficient section of the gay world was assembled on the polo-lawn at four o'clock to see men of the Aldershot Gymnasia dispose of an acrobatic programme. Acrobatic displays are, as a rule, less pleasant than painful to look on. But Saturday's performance was a much-admired function, by reason of the men's agility as well as their physique and training. The polo, of which there were several well-contested games, had an equally interested following, Miss Enid Wilson, Lady Power, Mrs. Ernest Maude, Miss Hicks-Beach, Lady Clementine Maude, and the Hon. Gwendoline Mostyn being among the modish elect.

At the Riverside Club on Sunday, where gay folks from town as well as local notabilities of Maidenhead do greatly assemble, there was a representative audience in duly gay attire paying homage to the Blue Hungarian Band, which discoursed weird music on the lawn. A costume of white mohair, with diagonal lines of ivory Valenciennes on bodice, looked smart under a Leghorn hat, on which realistic bunches of red and white currants were prettily arranged with loopings of old Mechlin. Another head-piece of drawn white tulle, with bows of pale-blue ribbon and bunches of mignonette, was palpably Parisian and entirely charming. I saw here also a pale-green straw, with Valenciennes lace interwoven, and clusters of shot mauve and purple roses, which I had noted and admired two days previously at Argentine's, whose skill or fame, or both, penetrates from Bond Street, it would seem, even to remote reaches.

SYBIL.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on July 13.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

The grave scandal which we pointed out last week has not been allowed to continue long, and we are face to face with the position of Charterland without Mr. Rhodes. At the moment of writing it is impossible to say how the shares will be affected by the resignations, and the market is to-day halting between two opinions. For our own part, we think that even the most dogged holder must now pause and consider what reasons exist for the faith which hitherto has been in him, and that the probabilities are that the small investors will begin to get out; but, on the other hand, we must not forget the account is oversold, and great efforts will be made to keep up the market until the new issue has been got through.

When we know the form of inquiry which is going to take place, and order is once more established in Rhodesia, the future will be more clearly indicated; meanwhile, although not advising a panic, we consider the wise holder should take advantage of every little rise in price to get rid of a few of his shares.

THE COATS AMALGAMATION.

The circular issued last week to the shareholders of J. and P. Coats, Limited, gives the particulars of one of the biggest deals of the kind in recent times. Readers will remember the furore attending the original issue of the capital of this famous firm, and the subsequent outbreaks of rate-cutting on the part of other firms and retaliation by Coats's, that house, however, always managing to keep the upper hand. Now the lion has agreed to lie down with the lambs on the understood principle that the lambs shall be inside. That is how we read the announcement that the arrangements may in their general character be described as an amalgamation; "but for technical reasons they assume the form of purchases" by J. and P. Coats, Limited.

From the circular very little clue is afforded as to the prices paid for the individual businesses acquired. All we are told is that the amount of cash required for their acquisition will be about £4,000,000. In this respect, and in some others, the circular is rather obscurely worded. The directors admit that they do not know, and will not know for a considerable time, the exact number of shares to be given to the vendors of the several businesses and the amount to be paid in cash. But they are already in possession of sufficient information to enable them to form an estimate, and accordingly they propose that the capital shall be increased by the creation of 50,000 preference shares of £10 each, and 125,000 ordinary shares of a like face-value.

As to the price at which the latter shall be issued, the directors describe themselves as having had great searchings of spirit. "One of the matters which has necessarily engaged the most serious attention of the directors is the issue price of the new shares. A certain amount in cash having to be provided, the number of shares depends entirely upon the price at which they are issued. If the directors were to fix the latter at too low a figure, an excessive number of new shares would be required. This would reduce the dividend and inflate the capital, which the directors consider undesirable. They are, therefore, of opinion that the interests of the company as a corporate body, and of the existing shareholders individually, will be best served by adopting a conservative course and restricting the number of shares as much as possible."

That line of argument seems sound enough, and the price fixed—£50 per share—for the new ordinary is reasonable when the current quotations for the old shares are taken into account. At that price the 125,000 shares will realise £6,250,000 in cash; or, to be strictly accurate, would realise that sum. But as regards £2,000,000 of the amount to be paid to Messrs. Clark and Messrs. Jonas Brook and Brothers in cash, it was left optional with them to take at the issue price ordinary shares, in addition to those to which they will be entitled under the purchase agreement, and this option the firms in question have determined to exercise. Consequently they will receive an allotment of 40,000 ordinary shares, instead of receiving the £2,000,000 which would be the product of the said shares at the issue price of £50. All the new preference shares go to the vendors of the acquired businesses, in part payment of the consideration value. The result of all this is that the present shareholders are offered 52,500 ordinary shares, at the price of £50 per share, which is equivalent to a very substantial bonus, being at the rate of three new shares for every ten old ones.

Shareholders are informed that, on this basis, the allotment of the new shares will be made *pro rata*, and also that they "may apply for more than their proportion if they think fit; and if there are any shares available such excess applications will also be, in due course, dealt with *pro rata*." We must admit some curiosity as to what is meant by this. If a large shareholder applies for a small number of shares in excess of what he is entitled to, and a small shareholder applies for a large number, will the allotment of such shares as are available be made *pro rata* in respect of the excess application or of the original holding?

Those of our readers who followed our advice have done well out of the recent advance, and we think they should secure their profits before the reasons for keeping up the price at its present level have passed away.

UNFORTUNATE OLYMPIA.

We never seem to be able to get at the end of the troubles of Olympia, Limited. The mistake that appears to have been made was to give the public too much for their money. After the first set of troubles were got over, and the show was reopened on a fresh basis, the

expenditure in making it the really good show it is was such that, according to the chairman, one-fourth of the share capital was wiped out in advance. More money is now required, and the people who already have a share in the enterprise are invited to supply it. The experiment, we think, is worth trying. We should not recommend outside investors to put their money into this unfortunate concern in its present state; but the existing creditors and shareholders are in a very different position. They have assets of very great value so long as they can be used for the purposes for which they were designed. Otherwise, they become mere lumber. As one of our daily contemporaries aptly put it—"There is a very limited market for pasteboard palaces, ballet-girls' skirts, second-hand gondolas, and stucco statues, and much of this class of property, in which such large sums have been sunk, would go for an old song or less at a forced sale." The chairman at the meeting last week frankly told his audience that the supply of the new capital required would be in the nature of a speculation; but it appears to be a speculation with a reasonable chance of turning out well.

The recommending of Olympia shares does not, we are thankful to say, lie on our conscience, for even in the palmy days we continually warned correspondents against buying.

WESTRALIA.

We this week are able to present to our readers the second letter from our West Australian correspondent, which will, in due course, be followed by further ones dealing with the other goldfields—

MENZIES.

At the present moment the eyes of the wise are turned northward to the little town of Menzies. Shrewd people will whisper to you in the street that "Menzies is good." Those who know nothing about gold-mining, but make it a rule to follow clever people, are buying Menzies stocks. The Wilsons, famous throughout all Australia as owners of the best racehorses in Australasia, and well known in England as acute judges and good sportsmen, were the first to explore Menzies. They, with their little Octagon syndicate, picked up a good many of the best things in the field.

Poor Fred Devas, one of the best fellows that ever lived, perhaps the most popular boy Eton ever turned out, followed suit. These men, all in their way representatives of the best class of Western Australia's pioneers, made Menzies talked about. Clever Colonials, bent upon making their fortunes in the desert, turned northwards towards the Wilsons' Camp. Eton boys and Christ Church men remembered the shrewd William Fred Devas and turned Menzieswards. So in this little mining camp, a hundred miles from Coolgardie, was gathered a group of exceptional men.

The Wilsons' camp was the rendezvous of Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide speculators, and at Fred Devas's charming hotel, with its quaint name, the White House, so redolent of over-sea memories, all the "boys" delighted to foregather. At this inn one gets the best cooking in Western Australia. Delicacies which were not heard of elsewhere found their way over hundreds of miles of sand to the little one-storied wooden building. It was as a breath of dear old England in a land of grinding toil and discomfort. So Menzies held its own, and had a tone distinct from the other camps. In Coolgardie men shouted champagne all day and played poker all night—the true camp life, reckless, free, and, if one must own it, squalid. Menzies was free, hospitable, and fond of a drink, but it had a reserve price which the other camps lacked. Whilst the boys at Wilsons' in the White House would shout almost as gladly as those at Coolgardie, they all had an eye to the main chance. They never allowed champagne to interfere with business. So the little place prospered exceedingly.

Again, Menzies was lucky in its Warden, that Sultan of the Goldfields. In Mr. Gill the miners got a man who, having served his apprenticeship in Charters Towers, knew mining from A to Z; of great experience, he was also a born ruler, and he governed his little community with an even hand. No man in the whole of Western Australia had a better reputation than the Warden of Menzies. He gave the whole of his energies, the whole weight of his knowledge, to the town. The other citizens loyally followed him. Gregory, the first Mayor, is quite an exceptional man, and as popular with the poor dry-blower as with the big Eastern speculator. Many a hard-up miner or "Jackaro," as they call gentlemen miners, owes his very life to Gregory's kindly help. No honest man ever asked Gregory for help and went away empty. The Webbs from "the Hill" (as they say out here), the Speights, the Registrar of the Warden's Court (a charming man named Wright), the Bank-manager Durbridge, cool also, bold, and kind as a woman, ever ready to help—these men made Menzies.

When all Westralia was crying out for water, Menzies had its two water schemes. One of them is now complete—practically the first water wells company outside of Perth. No sooner had the railway been projected to Coolgardie than Menzies began an agitation for the extension of the line northwards. The line has now been surveyed, and will probably be finished before the end of the year. It asked for and got its telegraph line. It has a most complete and well-managed hospital, a town council which has actually grappled with sanitation—a thing unheard of and more or less sneered at in Western Australia; and it has, last but not least, a series of reefs which are probably as rich as any yet discovered in the Colony.

When Herr Schmeisser came to Menzies he was feasted and taken round, and here he broke that stubborn silence which so much annoyed the Colonials in the other mining-camps. He publicly stated that "he liked Menzies." He allowed himself to be photographed as a prince in the Danae Mine—in short, he unbent, much to the joy of Menzies. And well he might, for he had seen what he could then find at few other places in the Colonies—a long line of mines, all equally rich, all well-managed, and all likely to make a name for themselves in the mining world. Along the line of reef which runs along the end of the town is the Lady Shenton, with its main shaft down two hundred feet, hundreds of feet of drives, its three levels, and its fine body of stone—clean, hard quartz running four ounces to the ton. The Lady Florence adjoins, and further on we find the Friday and the Crusoe. These two latter mines have a battery of 20 head, crushing splendid quartz. I admit I don't admire the way the battery is being run. I confess I should prefer more careful management. I do not like to see rich stone such as the Crusoe and the Friday both possess wasted on plates either overloaded with mercury or smothered in dirt and sand.

With a good, nimble manager, the Friday and the Crusoe would astonish Western Australia. Their returns to-day astonish us, but they might easily be doubled with proper care. The Lady Shenton is one of the best mines I have seen in Western Australia. The Queensland Menzies is the show mine, and the courteous Mr. Michlentant delights to take away the breath of the tourist by exhibiting his lumps of almost solid gold. But the mine has been badly opened up, and will take some time before it makes any distinct hit. The Lady Sheny, an offshoot of the Queensland Menzies, is another good property in which the

local people delight to gamble, the shares, sixpence paid, having been as high as four shillings. Craig-y-Nos, about four miles north on the Coolgardie Road, is on excellent stone, with a big quartz reef, and has some considerable amount of development work done upon it.

East of Menzies, the Wilsons are perseveringly prospecting, and in one lease, the Picton, they have struck a splendid spring of drinking-water at eighty feet, which gives close upon three hundred gallons a-day. The value of fresh water in this land of native drinks is simply incalculable, and, I presume upon the strength of this find, a brewery has been promoted for the purpose of supplying all good Menzieites with as much beer as they can drink. Close to Picton Lease lie the claims which once belonged to poor Fred Devas, and which his widow is working with energy. They are very rich. Schmeisser went into ecstasies over the Danae stone, which runs, so the local gossips say, twenty ounces to the ton. This is possibly exaggerated, but assays from the adjoining blocks, which are called the Vindicator, but are owned by the same people as the Danae, have always gone six to eight ounces. The Picton South, with its huge outcrop of white quartz, a very mountain of stone, has more shafts sunk in rich stone, and assays here tell the usual story of how rich the Menzies reefs are.

The Kensington is another good lease, with a big white blow of quartz, which is worth following down. Indeed, all the claims east of Menzies are good. When the town gets its railway, it will become a centre for all the Northern goldfields, Niagara, Lanlers, Lake Dartos, all looking to Menzies for their supplies. Florence O'Driscoll pegged out a big average in the early days, and for a long time his pluck met with no encouragement, but the last rains washed away the sand and uncovered a reef nearly two thousand feet in length, and in places very rich. A great deal of hard work has been done by Mr. Balland on the O'Driscoll properties, and some fine mines opened up. No one knows more about mining than the doyen of Mount Morgan, and if Mr. Balland cannot make a mine pay, no one else can.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

So many correspondents have asked us to express shortly week by week our opinion on the various new ventures which are brought out between the time of closing these Notes on a Saturday evening and the next opportunity we have of addressing our readers, that we feel constrained to meet their wishes, and each week we propose to give a list of new enterprises which have come to our notice, with our opinion thereon. To give reasons for the judgment we have formed would occupy so much space that it is quite impossible for us to do more than briefly say whether or not investors appear likely to profit by holding any shares which may have been allotted to them. Our readers must believe we have very good reasons for the opinions we form, and in all cases merely look on what we say as the expression of our considered judgment upon the merits or demerits of the particular company as an investment for a prudent man. The following new ventures have come under our notice since June 20—

The Barrow Salt Company, Limited.—We should not care to invest.

The Hauraki South Gold-Mining Company, Limited.—A fair mining risk.

The Golden Valley Mines of West Australia, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Seine River, Ontario, Gold-Mines, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Cycle Automatic Manufacturing Company, Limited.—We should not care to hold shares.

The Gallymont Goldfields, Limited.—A fair mining risk.

A. R. Dean, Limited.—We can see no attractions in this company.

Evered and Co., Limited.—Not an investment we should care for.

Manchester Real Ice Skating and Supply Company, Limited.—We should not invest our own money in this concern.

The Pacific Borax and Redwoods Chemical Works, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Natal Collieries and Durban Coal Mining Station, Limited.—Best left alone.

The Almaraz Tin-Mining and Smelting Company, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Pioneer Development and Exploration Company of British Columbia, Limited.—We should not hold the shares.

The Lake View Extended Gold-Mine, Limited.—A fair mining risk.

The Rooderand Main Reef Gold-Mining Company, Limited.—To be avoided.

White Cliffs Opal Mines, Limited.—To be avoided.

The Dover Tivoli, Limited.—We would not put a penny of our own money into this.

The Elswick Cycles Company, Limited.—We think will do well, but the fiasco over the first issue is against it.

Plummer, Roddis, and Tyrrell, Limited.—As an industrial investment, moderately good.

The Summerlee and Mossend Iron and Steel Company, Limited.—We should not care for our own money to be invested in these shares.

Pegamoid, Limited.—Very speculative, in our opinion.

Friswell, Limited.—A bicycle concern in which we should not care to hold shares.

The German Incandescent Gas Share Company, Limited.—Good to hold.

The Endurance Tube and Engineering Company, Limited.—We see no attraction in this concern.

Pearks, Gunston, and Tee, Limited.—Not a company we should recommend, although the preference dividend seems fairly secure.

The Hampton Cycle and Foundry Company, Limited.—To be avoided.

TIPS.

A very strong tip reaches us to buy New Zealand Consolidated at about 2½, and, if the information at our disposal is not exceptionally inaccurate, it is highly probable that the shares will see at least a 20s. rise in a short time. The company is supported by some of the most powerful New Zealanders, and has several splendid deals in hand.

Among industrial concerns we are told Nobel's Dynamite shares, which can now be bought at about 17 ex-div., are a sound progressive investment, and likely to see higher prices. The principal market is in Glasgow; but any London broker will be able to deal in them.

An interim dividend of 10 per cent. has been declared by the Directors of the Cheque Bank for the past half-year.

C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LIMITED.

This issue of 5½ per cent. preference shares will be made on July 6, and we shall send to all our correspondents, a couple of days before, an advance-prospectus with a special application-form, which will ensure those who use it the favourable attention of the directors. The dividend on the proposed issue is amply secured on the basis of past profits, as will be seen from the certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse,

and Co.; and, as 5½ per cent. is not now easily obtainable, we imagine the shares will be covered several times over.

ISSUES.

The Southern Cross Gold-Mines Development Company, Limited, with a capital of £100,000, is asking for subscriptions. The properties are situated near Southern Cross, and why the front page of the prospectus should contain the words Hannan's, Great Boulder, and Yilgarn Goldfields we do not know, for the mines are neither near Hannan's nor the Great Boulder. There are payable mines at Southern Cross all the world knows, but the average grade of the ore in that district is low, and the reports on this company's leases do not impress us favourably. The wise mining investor will leave this issue alone.

The Leamington Cycle Company, Limited, is asking for subscriptions. Its capital is £70,000 in shares and £15,000 in 6 per cent. debentures. This is one of those prospectuses which make one wonder at the low opinion the promoting fraternity must have of the intelligence of the investing public. The concern is said to be acquiring three going businesses and will start a big factory at Leamington, and for these £65,000 is to be paid; but not one word is said as to the profits which have been made, we won't say in the last year, but even in the past three months! The "Winner" Bicycle, we are told, is a popular machine; it may be so, but we imagine most people heard of it in this prospectus for the first time. If any reader has applied let him withdraw while there is yet time.

Saturday, June 27, 1896.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WIDOW.—Your position is a very difficult one from a legal point of view. If your telegram reached the company before the allotment was posted, you are clearly entitled to recover your money. This is very easy of proof from the postmarks, &c. Consult a respectable solicitor. If you do not know of one, we will send you the name of a gentleman who will treat you honourably, and is well up in company work. There are half-a-dozen cases in court over this company already.

C. N. B.—We wrote you fully on June 24.

W. B.—We shall send you, on the 3rd inst., a prospectus of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, which we think a good investment. Among cheap mines Croydon Consols appear to us good, also Day Dawn Blocks.

NOSNIBOR.—(1) No. (2) The shares will be 5½ preference, and we think are very good. (3) All very fair.

W. S.—We sent you the name you require on June 24.

SHAHZADA.—All very fair, but we do not care for Nos. 4 and 6. Take a reasonable profit on any of them.

OLIVER.—We do not like the gang. When you can get a profit, let somebody else have your shares.

RUBRE.—No.

G. J. E. G.—On the 3rd inst.

R. A.—See last answer.

METEOR.—(1) We should think quite safe to deal with. (2) See answers to several correspondents last week. The company's own battery should be running about September. (3) A gamble pure and simple.

W. H. H.—See answer to "G. J. E. G." The mines are all right, but as to the price you name for the first we say nothing. If you hold Singers you may expect a good div. Dunlops are above the price we named already, but don't hold out for too much. We are not sweet on Dorics.

SUBURB.—Take your profit on some of the Hannan's Mount Ferrum. We hear very good accounts of the mine. See answer to "G. J. E. G."

OVEREND.—We are carrying out your suggestion this week. Many other correspondents have urged the same thing.

J. G.—We wrote to you on June 26.

FIRST FOOT.—The first thing you name is very speculative, and we have no information which leads us to think an early rise probable. If you read our "Notes" you would know what we think of the second mine, and why we have recommended the purchase of shares.

WELLEN.—(1) We hear good accounts of this mine. (2) Take a profit. (3) You are greedy, but we think well of the mine. (4) As a speculation, not bad.

(5) We have no information to advise upon.

R. H. S.—You will get an early prospectus.

BAYNAR.—(1) You had better hold pending Mr. Barnato's return and the amalgamation scheme. (2) As to what profit you should take, we can only say very much depends on the political outlook in South Africa at any particular minute.

VERAT.—You shall have an early prospectus. We have written to you on the points in your letter.

A. J. P.—See this week's "Notes." Nobel's Dynamite shares at 17 ex div. are about the most promising industrial investment we know of.

FOOLISH.—If you will invest in all the cycle rubbish which has been brought out in the last month we cannot help you. It is on people like you that promoters of swindles live. As to one of your companies, see answer to "Widow."